



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 32 – Number 3

July 2014

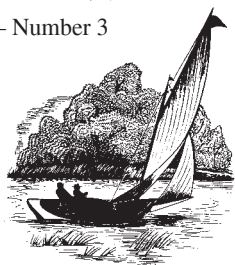
Special Features This Issue
Goodbye to Myron Young – Across the Med
Lifetime Sailor Switches to Motorboat
Letter from *Presto!* – No Engine Left Behind
Cruise on the Schooner *Ardelle*



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

By the time you are reading this the restored last surviving wooden whaleship, *Charles W. Morgan*, will be at the State Pier in New Bedford, Massachusetts, in early July. The *Morgan* will be moving on to Boston July 18-20 to tie up alongside the *USS Constitution* at the Charlestown Navy Yard. By mid August, after this voyage, the *Morgan* will be back at Mystic Seaport resuming her role as a static dockside exhibit. It's been a six year, \$10 million project for the Seaport, all about celebrating the history of New England's whaling "industry," for that's what it was, a hunting and killing of these magnificent sea mammals for oil for lamps and whalebone for corset stays.

A reader from down Mystic way has forwarded to me articles about this occasion from local newspapers. There's been much said in them about what a great project it has been restoring the historic vessel, certainly the biggest challenge ever undertaken for the Seaport shipyard crew. Somewhere in all this coverage I noted that the *Morgan* has about 17% original wood still in her. So that's actually the only part of the ship that goes back all those 170 years or so. Since the *Morgan* retired from whaling after 37 trips she has had several rebuildings done to keep her in one piece, but not afloat as she has rested on a bed of sand in the Mystic River at the Seaport since 1941, and prior to that she was a shoreside exhibit near New Bedford, Massachusetts, for an organization known as "Whaling Enshrined."

What this brings me to conclude, once again, is that these restorations of historic artifacts do not result, in this particular instance, in "a 170 year old ship sails again!" She is actually a newly built recreation of the original with some original bits still onboard. A nice job of it but most of the original is long gone.

While reading the various news items I did not run across any discussion of what it was the *Morgan* was doing on those 37 trips other than to describe it as "whaling." Her statistics were there, 54,483 barrels of sperm and whale oil and 152,934 pounds of whalebone brought home to profit her owners. I wonder how many whales were killed to acquire this wealth? I have read

several books based on the journals written by those on those whaling expeditions and the killing and "rendering" of the whales was a horrific business.

The Seaport's website does comment about the *Morgan*'s new purpose in life as follows:

"Where once she hunted and processed whales for profit, her purpose now is to tell an important part of our nation's history and the lessons that history has for current generations. The nearly three month long journey seeks to engage communities with their maritime heritage and raise awareness about the changing perception about whales and whaling. Where once the *Morgan*'s cargo was whale oil and baleen, today her cargo is knowledge."

I will be interested to see how this "awareness" all comes down and what will be told to those interested enough to inquire about what whaling really was like. The information that was around when I was in school pictured the whalers as brave men sallying forth in small open boats to attempt to bury a harpoon in a giant creature of the sea. The quintessential engraving was that of the giant whale rearing up and tossing the tiny whaleboat and its crew into the sea. Can't hardly blame the whale, it only wanted to get away from its tormenters. It hadn't intruded into mankind's affairs at all, it was just getting on with its own life when we showed upon its home turf.

It's easy to celebrate this reconstruction of a historic vessel representative of an era when we did some pretty awful things in pursuit of the buck, but not so easy to celebrate the awful things that were done. We routinely kill animals, fish and fowl for our nutritional needs but the whales, regarded as being the most intelligent of mammals, were used for lantern oil and ladies' fashion statements. What was done cannot be undone and those who did it operated in a different culture unconcerned about the value of these gentle giants as living examples of the earth's animal population. But still today several countries are whaling in the Antarctic for "scientific purposes." We oughta just leave the survivors alone to get on with their lives.

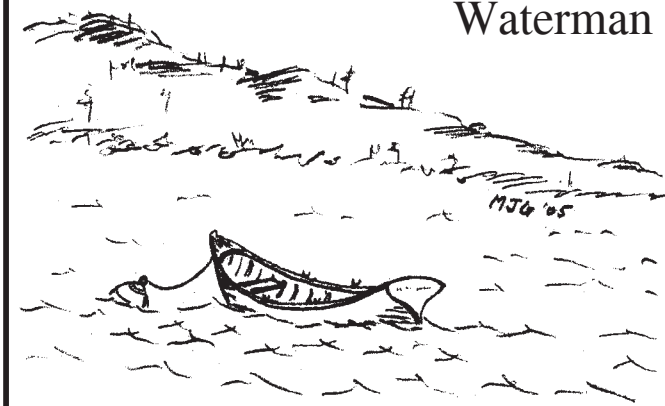
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On the Cover...

Dave Lucas has this to say about our cover this month, "For you guys who really like to hot rod, jump in my boat next time and go for it, *Laylah*'s almost impossible to turn over and if you do it's no big deal and it's so much fun to see how far you can push it." Seen at Cedar Key in May.

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

Today we're having a friendly little gale to announce the presence of Hurricane Noel as it heads for Nova Scotia. It barely qualifies as a hurricane by now but I still have no desire to go out in *MoonWind* to accost her. Doubled up my lines and fenders, retaped my mast boot, then spent half an hour with my neighbor aboard his Sabre 30. In this past week, I've also spent time aboard a Cape Dory 30 and a Catalina 30.

One of the mechanics disparaged the Cape Dory 30 for the inaccessibility of its engine. Another praised the Catalina for its spaciousness and good handling. The CD 30 certainly is the prettiest of the three. It boasts extensive brightwork below without being dark, which was my impression of the CD 27. The quarter berth on the Sabre was tucked behind a counter top and was all but inaccessible, though the bunk itself was spacious. The Catalina has little bright work but is open and light. All three have plenty of headroom, plenty of storage, plenty of water and fuel.

One of the mechanics is fitting a new engine to a Catalina 30 he picked up cheap, although it is in good shape. He's agreed to take me sailing in her this winter. Perhaps, next spring, I'll have myself a new vessel. I knew there was a reason for putting off displaying *MoonWind*'s name upon her hull.

Meanwhile, the weather is closing in upon us quickly. I want to go off on a jaunt at least once more before I'm inundated by work and readings and turkeys and Yule logs. If I make it only to Cuttyhunk I'd be happy. With a layover at Point Judith Pond, and another, returning, at Block Island, I should be able to spend a few pleasurable days.

Today is not boating weather. I need to pack my little brown truck with books, and go to bookstores and libraries and gift shops. The pusslets went out at five this morning before the rain began. Now they are in and contented to drape themselves upon the chairs. I, however, being not as bright as a pusslet, am just preparing to go forth into the storm. Must be something pernicious in my French roast.

In case a frivolous breeze decided to take liberties with my kayak, I carried her up to the truck and took her home. I'll wash the slime from her bottom and hose her off and take her back to Noank with me this week. Think I'll try to cruise with only the kayak tucked aboard. The Whitehall is heavy and prone to swamping, not having a cover. I'm not unaware of the drawbacks of a kayak, but at least she's easy to stow.

Tomorrow, I need to fit my new tiller and mount my new GPS. I may even find the time to wet my rail. Ideally, I'll find an unused dock at 'A' pier on my return and claim it for the winter. This would be as close to our shop as possible. Soon, I'll fit the tarpaulin over my cockpit and resign myself to repairing boats and writing for magazines. I'll drain my water tank, winterize my head, run a bit of antifreeze through my pumps. Having an outboard motor, I don't need to do more than run it once a week to be assured it'll start when I want to go out.

Then I need only unsecure my tarp, remove my sail cover, tilt my engine into the drink, and push the starter button. Then off I'll go to taste the salt breeze, divide the sea, and chase the gulls to the far edge of the sky.



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—Bob

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In late April a phone call from Joan Young, wife of longtime traditional small craft enthusiast Myron Young, informed me that Myron had died after a short illness at age 82 and that she now was faced with appropriate disposition of his small fleet of handcrafted boats. I suggested that she seek help from TSCSA members and soon after several of the stalwarts with whom Myron had worked in the TSCA for some 40 years came to her assistance.

Myron was an early acquaintance I met at the former Mystic Seaport Small Craft Workshops in the late '70s when I was first getting interested in such craft. His unabashed enthusiasm for these boats and the superb examples that he constructed were strong incentives for me to get more involved. And so I did, and here we are 40 years later still involved through this magazine.

Myron Young, amateur boat builder and long time small craft enthusiast from Long Island, built the first recorded boat from John Gardner's plans for Green Machine (Acc. No. 1981.11; *M.S.M. Watercraft Catalog*, p202). His boat, never named, was featured on the dust jacket of John's third book, *Building Classic Small Craft*, Vol 2 (1984), in which the 1980 *National Fishermen* (February, March, April, May) series detailing the construction of the Herreshoff/Gardner pulling boat was incorporated into Chapter One. After rowing her at Mystic Seaport, Myron grew increasingly interested in the Green Machine as a building project. "I had to have one like it," he recounted in his 1982 *Ash Breeze* (4(4):6-7) article, articulating in detail her careful construction.

After the 1980 Small Craft Workshop, he secured clear Douglas fir 2"x6"s for the frames and clear pine for the bottom and set up his project in the basement, working on her construction over the winter of 1980-1981, completing her in the fall. For the lofting he improvised ducks from sand filled cans and wire using a formica strip for a batten and lofted the frames and stems on poster board. He lofted the bottom directly on the pine, and found John's offsets "very accurate." Though he had never laminated frames before, he ripped the fir into 1/8" strips and following John's articles, "it turned out to be a rather simple process."

Using a long sawhorse for a building jig, he describes in detail the set up, lining out the planking from three 4'x8' sheets of mahogany plywood. He used stainless steel screw fasteners throughout and glued the plank laps. He fiberglassed the bottom and garboard seam, and later, in a controversial move, added a small plastic water ski skeg aft.

Pictured in John's May 1982 *National Fisherman* column, Myron was on the program as a featured speaker for the 1982 Small Craft Workshop, and so motivated, trailered his boat from Laurel, Long Island, to Mystic on I95 during a violent spring storm which caused the governor to declare a state of

Goodbye to Myron Young

By Bob Hicks



One who knew him well is Sharon Brown, for many years manager of the Boathouse and Small Boat Livery at Mystic. In connection with educating newer volunteers about the provenance of one of the livery boats, a copy of John Gardner's *Green Machine*, built by Myron and eventually donated to the Seaport, Sharon wrote a short bio of Myron and his part in the traditional small craft movement. It seemed to me to best sum up Myron's contributions over the years so I'm pleased to bring it to you herewith.

In support of Sharon's essay, I also am reprinting a page from an early '80s *MAIB* about Myron's forward facing oars in which his *Green Machine* is pictured fitted with them at a Small Craft Workshop, and also one of Myron's articles he shared with readers about another classic small boat he built, *Liz*. From these you can perhaps get a better idea of what Myron Young has meant to traditional small boating over a lifetime.

Myron Young and the Green Machine

11/13/13 Edited Version 2008

Sharon D. Brown,
M.S.M. Boathouse Volunteer



emergency, and crossing the Mianus River bridge minutes before its tragic collapse. He discussed her construction process for the appreciative soggy workshop participants earning the praise of Ken Steinmetz, Editor of the *Ash Breeze*. In summation, Myron declared, "I didn't have any trouble at all building the Herreshoff, mostly due to the well thought out construction method of John Gardner. All my tools are hand tools with the exception of a drill and a small bandsaw.

"Most people want to know how long it took to build the boat. I didn't keep track of time but probably spent less time building than most spend watching the TV and think I have a lot more to show for my time."

With less dramatic fanfare, Myron transported his Herreshoff/Gardner rowboat to the Small Craft Workshop often and there, in 1994, demonstrated his articulated, bow-facing oars which he prefers, enabling him to face forward while still pulling on the oars. In defense he says that this is not a modern adaptation as similar oars were readily available in the past, including a set with two gears available through Abercrombie & Fitch in 1937.

Myron's boat is handsome. Her painted white topsides contrast with a natural finish interior (Deks Olje) which accentuates the symmetry of her structure. Though a copy, she is not set up with hinged seats as John innovated with Green Machine. Myron derived a great deal of pleasure from this boat, which he continued to use on a regular basis until he generously donated her in 2006 for use in Mystic Seaport's Boathouse.

Green Machine was subsequently put into "retirement" and is now reserved for special events. To Myron's chagrin we are experimenting at The Boathouse with more conventional oarlock/oar combinations and have used the articulating oars for demonstration and Boathandling Classes only as they are a difficult configuration to handle safely from our busy floats.

One of the unheralded small craft enthusiasts, Myron Young admired John Gardner and has strong ties to Mystic Seaport and allegiance to The Boathouse. A founding member of the Traditional Small Craft Association in 1975, he has been a hardworking and loyal supporter and friend to past secretary Eleanor Watson and the *Ash Breeze* Editor, Ken Steinmetz. While he may be reducing the total number of small boats in his fleet, most of which he built, he continues to "putter" in tight quarters of his modest shop and storage areas and is always tinkering. He is a hands on guy and very familiar with the best nooks and crannies of his home waters along the North Fork of Long Island.

A descendent from farmers, he is always monitoring the weather in mid stride to the next project.





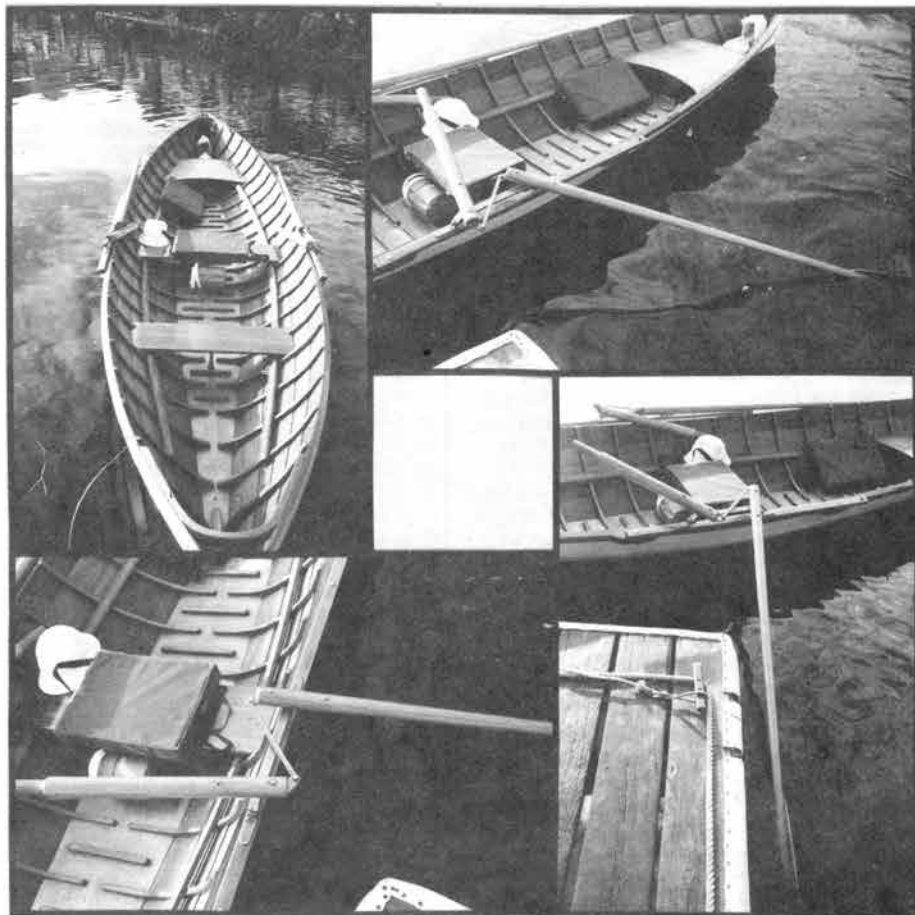
How to go rowing and see where you're going!

Above: First tryout of the forward facing oars usually results in quizzical looks. Below: The oars fold neatly alongside the gunwales. Note how the connecting linkage reverses the thrust of the oarsman's arms. The installation is very neat.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

Myron Young caught the attention of many rowers when he arrived at the Island, with his superbly constructed forward facing oars fitted to his home built double ended pulling boat, a light lovely craft patterned after a Mystic model he had once admired. The unique rowing setup got a lot of tryouts, all accompanied by head shaking and confused watching of oar blades seeming to go in the wrong direction. "You've got to watch your HANDS not the oar BLADES," Myron explained to those trying out the rig. They pull as nicely as conventional oars but you are LOOKING where you are GOING. Easy enough out in the open, most trouble developed maneuvering into a tight spot on the beach. It's an acquired skill, but it certainly has its advantages. Myron had arisen at 2 a.m. to drive the 200 miles from eastern Long Island to Mystic via Throgs Neck Bridge as the Saturday weather had kept him away.

Myron has a set of simple drawings of his hardware for converting oars into forward facing types and he's happy to send copies to anyone interested, at no cost. Just write to Myron Young, P.O. Box 113, Laurel, NY 11948. He's also interested in hearing about other ways of achieving this turnaround in rowing, and invites your comments and suggestions. If you pause to think about it for a moment, not many human activities are regularly pursued going backwards!





Sometime back in the mid-'80s, Ken Bassett came to the Mystic Small Craft Workshop with an 18' pulling boat he had designed and built. It is one of the most elegant boats I have ever seen and I have long wanted to build one like it, but I don't have the skills to match Bassett's. After thinking about it for years, and with the advances in modern strip construction, I decided to give it a try and ordered a set of plans from *WoodenBoat*.

The original boat had a sliding seat rig and, since I prefer fixed seat rowing, different seats and outriggers had to be made. After drawing up several types of folding outriggers that would get the oarlocks in the right place and look right, I gave up and made them up with wood and epoxy. I usually row by myself, but when I have someone with me I can quickly remove the outriggers and seat and have another seat and riggers that go forward to properly trim the boat.

Construction is normal cedar strip except for the 1-1/4" thick cedar plank bottom. This

Lovely Liz

By Myron Young

made things a lot stronger and planking easier, just run the planks across the bottom bevel and plane off. The round transom is 1x2" pine edge beveled and glued to an 18" radius. Watching the planking bevels take shape on this was worth all the time spent. The trim is black cherry because its color looks good on boats.

I thought it would be good to use water-based primers and paints, but a lot of time was spent trying to get them to work right and look good. It seems that no matter when or how they are applied, they are all just house paint no matter what it says on the can. I finally wound up with good old oil-based ZSpar paint and varnish.

The boat exceeded my expectations in every way. It does everything a good rowboat should. The long narrow bow cuts into wakes and waves and is shaped just right to keep

spray down and not pound in any sea I would care to be out in. When rowed hard the stern doesn't squat and rides level. The bottom has no rocker so it tracks well, this makes it a little slow to make sharp turns but I will take the trade-off.

Over the years I have tried most of the good rowboats, and I think for the way I use them this one is as good as any and looks as good as the best of them. There should be more of these. If anyone would like to try it, let's get together.

Myron Young, P.O. Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948, tel. (631) 298-4512.



I'll be outside the side entrance to the first tent you come to as you enter with my latest ultralight kayak, Zip. Yes, that's a zipper that opens up the back deck to get at your gear. Two heavy shock cords act as deck beams to prevent the cloth from sagging into the compartment/hatch area.



Check Out My Zip At the Wooden Boat Show

By Hilary Russell
Berkshire Boatbuilding School
www.berkshireboatbuildingschool.org

Here are the specs:

LOA: 13'10"

Beam: 24 1/2"

Weight: 27lbs

Cockpit: 34" long

Northern white cedar ribs, spruce gunwales and keelson, pine stringers, ash cockpit rim

Hull skin: 8oz polyester

Deck skin: Nylon pack cloth

The hull is built with inwale and outwale construction, just like my double paddle canoes and rowing craft, not the traditional solid kayak gunwale with mortised ribs, so I avoid mortising and can adjust the rib lengths easily as I install them.



My primary interest is traditional rowing. Accordingly, I subscribe to several related online newsletters. A few weeks ago one of them highlighted the above statement. I interpreted it as referring to that party's specific replica of an Adirondack guideboat and thought these to be "Bold Words!" Of the opinion that I "know a thing or two" about these fine craft, I felt this apparent claim ought to be put to the test and proceeded to share my opinion with the folks in question. They agreed, of which more later.

I'm not the first, nor will I be the last, to have a strong reaction relative to guideboats. This has been an aspect of their existence since they first appeared on the lakes of the Adirondacks in the 1800s. First used primarily as working craft for hunting and fishing guides, models of differing characteristics produced by a variety of builders each claimed their strong adherents (and equally strong critics). The guides competed to "have the best" and the builders competed to "build the best." Pride and economics probably played roles of equal weight.

Fast forwarding to the present, I don't see that a whole lot has changed. Recreational and competitive rowers have replaced the guides and there are still a number of commercial and amateur builders producing a range of guideboats designed with particular uses and conditions in mind. But the desire to "have or build the best" remains in full force.

This is played out in a number of formal and not so formal race venues, including the Blackburn Challenge held annually out of Gloucester, Massachusetts. While not always taking first place every year, guideboats have dominated the fixed seat singles class and this year is expected to be no exception.

This provides an exceptional opportunity for a comparative runoff between what has become an intriguing array of hull designs, some dimensionally precise replicas of "golden age" originals (e.g., Rushton, Grant, Cole), others inspired by such and others that have "gone their own way" but still fall within the definition of the guideboat type.

"The Fastest Fixed Seat Rowboat in the World!"

By Rodger Swanson



The Blackburn's setting is an equalizer. Same course for all boats. No rain date. What would be much appreciated is that any guideboat participants let us know ahead of time the design (or designer/builder) of their boat, composition (wood/composite/Kevlar, etc), oars and hardware (traditional fixed pin guideboat oars vs fixtures allowing feathering, flat blade vs spoonblade) and who's rowing the boat.

We would like, if at all possible, to spend a few minutes "debriefing" rowers to obtain added insight as to why, or why not, a given configuration met expectations. A summary report will be posted in this publication ASAP after the race.

If you wish to participate in this noble fact finding venture, please contact this writer, Rodger Swanson, (860) 299-6502 or e-mail rodgerswanson412@comcast.net.

**From Stephen Gordon
of The Guideboat Co**

I concur with you about not all boats being equal. Not all rowers are the same either. Variables somewhat abound. I think it would be great to see how our guideboat, taken from my 1892 Rushton Saranac Laker, will fare in the Blackburn. I have asked my friends at the Open Water Rowing Club here in Sausalito to recommend someone to train in and then perhaps take the helm of one of our boats in this year's race.

From Mark Anderson of Oarsman Boats

This claim is that a guideboat is "the fastest fixed seat rowboat in the world." That would be a fair statement. I don't see where he claims his is. Anyhow, I know I build a pretty fast boat, but as we all know that is only part of the equation. The other part is the rower. One only needs to look at the results of the Blackburn and the Adirondack's 90 Miler* over the past few years to see who the best rowers are. I would like to think my boats are the fastest out there, but I really don't know. I would love to get some of the top rowers on the same day in a bunch of different guideboats and see what GPS has to say about it.

*Last year, Beth Burchill of Rochester, New York, rowed his Oarsman to second place in the punishing 90 Miler, a three day race over 90 miles of the Adirondacks including five miles of portages (which is why most of the entrants are in canoes). 'Brutal' is Mark's description and I certainly wouldn't disagree.

2002 Blackburn Challenge Fixed Seat Single Overall Winner



Fixed Seat Single - 11 Entries
3:37:51: Paul Neil, Kaulback Adirondack Guideboat



You write to us about...

Activities & Experiences...

Launching Lives at the CWB

All is chaos here at the CWB but that's what I love. My motto is keep the hands on programs growing. We are teaching from pre kindergartener to retired deskbound adults.

On April 22 I picked up an award at the annual King's County Historical Organizations for the best hands on program of 2014. It was the middle and high school kids reef netting on our sailing gillnetter. The salmon were not real, we made them with sailcloth and stuffing.

I gave a talk on April 24 to the annual Floating Home Association on our underwater archeology project that I manage.

On April 26 I had lunch at CWB with the graduates of our Job Skills Program. They come for 12 weeks of learning how to sail traditional boats, how to build traditional boats, how to write job applications and how to advance at work to leadership. After lunch their boat was launched and so were their lives.

Do I have fun?

Dick Wagner, Founder, Center for Wooden Boats, Seattle, WA

In Memoriam...



Chuck Meyer, Buffalo Maritime Center

I am the bringer of the sad news that our friend and colleague at the Buffalo Maritime Center, Chuck Meyer, died last spring after a battle with lung cancer. He will be sorely missed by his close friends, family and by all of us here at the Buffalo Maritime Center.

For those who have joined BMC recently it is important to know that Chuck was the founding member of the adult volunteers

who have become such a central part of our mission and our operations.

In the fall of 1994 we put an ad in the paper for community volunteers to help us build a traditional Whitehall lifeboat for the Schooner *America* being built in Albany. Chuck not only helped build the boat and help finance it, he also never left! He stayed on to develop new projects with volunteers and, much to my amazement and delight, he joined in to help with the college courses as an adjunct faculty member, all for the price of a college parking permit! He helped build the *Bird*, the *Scajaquada*, the *White Electra*, the Hoyt lake boats and literally hundreds of student boats and kayaks for our outreach programs.

He served as director of the Sea Fever Project and eventually, when we became an independent 501c3, he served on the Board and then as President of the Board of Trustees. There was not a single Maritime Center project or initiative in the last 20 years that Chuck was not an important part of.

Beyond all of this, Chuck was a wonderful companion. He and I not only shared our irrational love of sailing but also fantasies and visions of what the Center and the Buffalo waterfront could be. I will miss his assumption that all things are possible and that all the setbacks are temporary. Being positive is half the battle and Chuck kept the faith. It is ironic that Chuck should pass away just as the fortunes of the Maritime Center are truly turning the corner, at the point at which so many of his ideas and visions are coming to pass. We owe Chuck Meyer a lot. Without him we certainly would not be where we are today.

For those who may not have known him well, I must add a final note. Chuck was a soft spoken man, not at all demonstrative in his speech and personality. Unfortunately this quiet demeanor masked an extraordinarily human being with an amazing resume and a generous soul. He had a degree in agriculture, worked as a forest ranger out west, lived for years on the Navaho reservation in New Mexico, was an administrator for HUD and finally a vice President of Key Bank and all this time raising a family.

Most important of all, what I witnessed first hand was an extraordinarily generous, kind, patient and positive man. He was a wonderful, caring teacher especially with the at risk kids we so often worked with. I don't think in the 20 years I knew him I ever saw him get mad. Perhaps he was keeping something inside but his even tempered presence was a gift to all of us in trying times.

We will all miss him and I will especially feel his absence in the days ahead.

John Montague, President Board of Trustees, Buffalo Maritime Center, Buffalo, NY

Opinions...

Illusion of Experience

I just read your review of the book *Rescue of the Bounty* in the May issue. It sounds like a good read. I'll have to buy a copy. As a merchant mariner for over 40 years I have

been especially interested in this incident. I've twice in my career been in a situation at sea that I wasn't sure was going to end well in a big way. I'm currently in the process of retiring so I won't have to go through that again. It's not fun at all.

Your comments make sense to me and, I believe, will to others as well. I think that you are correct, they never should have left port. The best coverage I am aware of is online at the gcaptain website at the following address: <http://gcaptain.com/bounty-hearings-chief-mates-testifies/>

There are eight installments. Installment #4 is entitled "The Illusion of Experience." That's a phrase I had not thought of before but I think it is a succinct description of the situation. Most of the experience of that crew was all on that ship. They "thought" that they knew what they were doing but it was too inbred. Procedures that most experienced seamen would think are just wrong were taken as gospel because they were taught by (slightly) more experienced people who seemed to know what they were doing. But what if they didn't?

It might be good reading for many of your subscribers as people at all levels can become fooled by this "illusion of experience." I've certainly seen it at various times in the professional mariner ranks. In a sense it's sort of like the Peter Principle. Just something we all have to watch out for in ourselves.

Keep the magazines coming. I've been a subscriber since sometime in the mid '80s and still enjoy them.

Don Staples, Falmouth, ME

Poet's Corner...

On the Ipswich June 1996

I don't remember if I sent this poem to you before, but I've noticed you're printing more of this sort of thing lately so I thought you might like it. I wrote it after the last time my dad and I put his canoe on the Ipswich, back in '96. He passed away last October, but we got one last paddle together before he went.

Tapley Brook, the outlet from the Spring Pond reservoir in South Peabody, is just half a block from the old house and in recent years has been opened to paddle boating. As a kid growing up there it had always been off limits me, so I naturally wanted to get out on it now that it is legal.

After checking it out in my PakYak, I decided it was too nice a paddle for Dad to miss, so we got the Old Town out of the basement and I wheeled it down the street on a dolly. Dad walked along with me and we got it launched and had a nice paddle, end to end. That was Dad's last bit of messing about.

The photo I took on Tapley Brook with Dad in the bow. Dad really liked my poem below:



We strap the old canoe atop the car
and drive a few miles to the little stream.

We don't intend to paddle very far,
just far enough to freshen up our dream.
We paddle up the winding stream a ways,
past sunken logs and under hanging trees.

Each sight and smell brings back those
yesterdays that dwell among our favorite
memories.

And as we stroke and guide our craft along
we talk of other times we've wandered here.
We listen as the birds trade song for song, we
marvel that such peace can be so near.

And feel that fortune favors us somehow that
we have shared such times as we share now.

Miss Deb
By Gayle Ross

Miss Deb calls her name
from bright painted letters
on her stern.

Loosened from the tangle
of boats slipped in the docks,
she moves through brown foam,
colored junk, the sweet and salt
of the Noyo's liminal harbor.

She carries three brothers,
and whatever it takes
to bring the albacore in.

Named like a sister,
Miss Deb is their story,
a living, felt in the spiraled
channels of their ears,
and the palms of their hands.

She holds them
rocking, as they haul in the lines.

Why We Call a Ship a "She"

By Marilyn Vogel
We always call a ship a "she"
and not without reason
For she displays a wellshaped knee
regardless of the season
She scorns the man whose heart is faint
and does not give him pity
And like a girl she needs the paint
to keep her looking pretty
For love she'll brace the ocean vast
be she a gig or cruiser
But if you fail to tie her fast
you're almost sure to lose her
Be firm with her and she'll behave
when clouds are dark above you
And let her take a waterwave
prize her and she'll love you
For such she'll take the roughest seas
and angry waves that crowd her
And in a brand new suit of sails
no dame looks any prouder
The ship is like a dame at that
she's feminine and swanky

You'll find the one that's broad and fat
is never mean and cranky
On ships and dames we pin our hopes
we fondle them and dandle them
And every man must know his ropes
or else he cannot handle them
Yes, ships are ladylike indeed
for take them all together
The ones that show a lot of speed
can't stand the roughest weather
And that's why we call a ship a "she"

Projects...

...and for My Next Wherry

My original Monument River Wherry is
for sale (see Classifieds) so I can fund other
retirement projects. My new boat has turned
out quite well. It has a narrower bottom and
three strakes to a side for a more rounded
profile. She is smoother and drier into the
wind and at only 74lbs I think we will be
almost as fast as the old one that I am selling.
If I take these improvements and incorporate
them into a new version a foot longer and a
little narrower it could be a guideboat beater.
Maybe next winter!!

Jon Aborn, Buzzards Bay, MA

This Magazine...

The May 2014 Issue

Something for Me from Cover to Cover!

This issue got to me, from the Commen-
tary by our Editor, which I always read (...and
especially like the "really, really" small boat
stuff), to the hilarity of Constant Waterman.
Then I turn the page and there is a letter about
the *Nina* and *Pinta*, which I visited when they
were at Fernandino Beach, Florida.

I turn the page again and there's the
review of *Ed Cutts*. I met Ed and Maggie
when sailing my little Crocker designed
sloop *Favonian* on the Chesapeake, and
their sons were tots back then, one of them
old enough to play with my young daugh-
ter. I marveled at Ed's designs and his fin-
ished products even then, and they were
amazing indeed.

Only two pages further I find the always
astounding feats of Reinhard Zollitsch and he
just continues to delight us with his adven-
tures, large and small, but mostly large. There
seems to be no stopping him. We've corre-
sponded, but still need to meet face to face!

I have been foolish enough to row a
small skiff in sub freezing weather and had
fun, but never among ice floes like that. Also
couldn't help wonder if the cat ketch *Presto!*
was named after the Presto boats of yore that
came from the hands of Commodore Mun-
roe, so well described by Vincent Gilpin. I
won't describe every page, but cannot resist
mentioning memories of the Alden O-Boat a
friend had, but on and on it went, right to the
"funnies" on the last page.

What an issue! What a magazine!! What
an Editor!!! Kudos to all, including each and
every contributor. I love *MAIB*!

Hermann Gucinski, Asheville, NC

Renewing Those Old Times

Thanks for passing on the note about
Dick Brayton's boat and my involvement
with the Brayton family and his sailing
aboard my *Starcrest* when he was a kid. I had
lost contact with the Brayton family of the

Alcina story in *MAIB*. *Starcrest* was moored
in Kittery near *Alcina* so we were all sailing
buddies. Now due to *MAIB* we can renew
those old times.

Mac McIntosh, Dover, NH

Sea Chest Must Be Reduced

I appreciate your recent letter concerning
my non response to my subscription renewal
notice. In the interest of reducing what accu-
mulates around my day dock, *Messing About
in Boats* was one of the magazines that met the
criteria for "forgetting." Years ago, when this
old hull of mine was able to stand up to the seas
of the storm of life I was able to read through
some 45 magazine subscriptions. These were
to feed, so to speak, my appetite for informa-
tion in several fields of study.

Always a waterman, born and raised in
the oyster industry on the Delaware Bay and
a boat builder by trade, having been pushed
like the broom with which I started in a local
shipyard to the foreman of another, I have an
unending interest in things maritime. Small
boats, and everything smaller than the 66'
Chesapeake bug-eye I started on as a six year
old is small, still are of great interest and the
canoe is still my favorite of the small. But I
have found that my watch is about over and
my sea chest must be reduced in size to hold
what I'm able to carry.

I've found that I no longer read *MAIB*
from cover to cover on receipt as I used to,
in fact, I am almost embarrassed to say that
I rarely pick them up for any reason except
to move them. So this old Scottish Salt has
decided to release you from the obligation
of fulfilling a subscription for me. Be fully
aware that I have loved your magazine and
rejoice in your efforts, which have always
proved successful in providing a good seg-
ment of society with the stuff that makes
life interesting. There is nothing I can say
that is negative about either the magazine
or the crew, especially its founder and edi-
tor, who have kept my interest thriving. The
loss of three of my favorite producers of fine
craft from the pages or the reduction of the
number of issues a year has had nothing to
do with my jumping ship. It is my shifting
to a smaller segment of my interests (like
my shifting from shipyards to a small work
bench to produce my boats) that has resulted
in your losing one subscriber, and a happy
subscriber at that.

My desire for you is a continuing pro-
duction of one fine magazine; keep up the
good work. Peace.

Clyde Phillips

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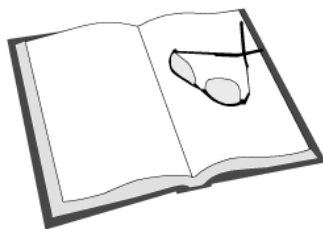
www.wwpotterowners.com

My wife gave me this book as a present, and I enjoyed reading it very much. Afterwards, I thought, "Maybe I should write a review of it for *MAIB*," but I had a nagging feeling it had already been mentioned, perhaps even reviewed, in this magazine. Sure enough, when I went back to October 2013, there it was, a review by John Nystrom, and a good review it was, too. But at the end of it he wrote, "I have little knowledge of the rarified world of competitive rowing. How about a review by an *MAIB* reader who knows that corner of the world," so I am taking up the challenge.

My credentials are not Olympian but, as a child, I remember there were two oars hanging on the wall over the fireplace, each with some heraldic devices, the name of a Cambridge University rowing event and the names of the crew painted beautifully on the blade. One had been won by my grandfather, the other by my father. So when I went up to Cambridge, I joined the college rowing club and learned to row. Some schools in Britain have rowing clubs, but the one I attended didn't so, like Joe Rantz, the hero of *The Boys in the Boat*, I first sat on a sliding seat and began to practice a new sport at age 18. Actually, learning to row formed the majority of my learning in those years I spent at the university, but I did just manage to graduate, and unlike Joe and the University of Washington crew, I did not stop rowing after college.

My international competitive rowing experience consists of club regattas in New England when I was a member of the Montreal Rowing Club, nothing more. I was involved in regatta organization at one time, heading the running of the Canadian Championships for several years, and I have done some coaching too. For the last 30 years or so I have mostly rowed "single," which is great exercise and a great competitive sport, but is different from rowing in an eight.

The obvious difference is that when you row single, you use two oars, one in each hand, whereas in an eight, each oarsman controls only one oar, four of the crew row bow side (normally starboard) and four stroke side (normally port). The more important, but less obvious, difference is that in a single you, and you alone, are responsible for how fast



Book Review

The Boys in the Boat

By Daniel James Brown
Viking 2013

Reviewed by Peter Jepson

the boat moves, you control the technique (which controls the efficiency of the work, how much of your effort goes into moving the boat and how much is wasted), you control the force applied during each stroke and you control the stroke rate.

Also, you control the "set" or balance of the boat. These boats (both singles and eights) are semi circular in cross section and very narrow, with a high centre of gravity, so keeping them set is similar to walking on a tightrope. If the boat is not level, one side's blades drag on the surface during the recovery (that is, between one stroke and the next), the "catch" of the next stroke is not clean and one is likely to catch a crab, that is, be unable to extract the blade from the water at the end of the stroke, which always slows the boat drastically and sometimes has more unpleasant consequences. And since you hold one handle in each hand, it's not too difficult to ensure that both blades do the same thing, particularly enter the water at exactly the same time and leave the water at exactly the same time.

In an eight, on the other hand, each oarsman has direct control over none of the above except how much force is applied during each stroke. I trust you will excuse me for using the term "oarsman," of course, I know that women can row just as well as men but in the 1930s, when the book was set, women didn't row competitively at all. The stroke rate is nominally controlled by the stroke, the stern most oarsman, under the direction of the cox, but how about the set, how about the timing, how about the technique in general, how about the rhythm, which, if it is good and steady, is what ensures that every stroke is the same as the previous one?

They can be thrown out of control by any one oarsman at any time, they can only be kept under control by the crew as a whole, when every member uses exactly the same technique, feeds off the rhythm and uses sight, sound, feel and whatever "sixth" sense they possess, to work as smoothly with the others as gear wheels work together in a machine. If one oarsman is quicker on the slide during the recovery than the others, by (a guess here) 50 milliseconds, the jerk caused when he reaches front stops is felt through the boat and makes everybody else lurch, losing their poise for the next stroke. The need for everybody to maximize their pull on the handle at the same time,

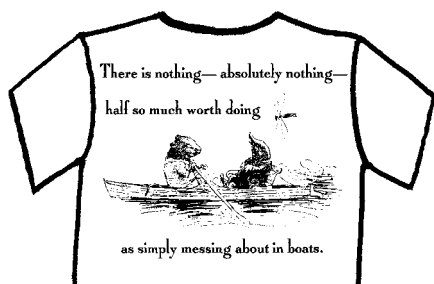
as the blade enters the water, is even stricter (maybe ten milliseconds) or the boat does not leap forward the way it should.

So I hope you understand that when it does all come together it's a little magic. It might not be clear exactly why the boat was losing its set just before the catch, for example, or why the finishes weren't perfectly "clean," but when whatever was causing the problem is corrected (though the oarsman responsible may not even know that he has subtly changed some aspect of his technique), the strengthening of the rhythm, the immediate sense that the blades are moving through the water more quickly (which, of course, actually means that the boat is running forward more quickly) and, if you're in a race, the realization after a time that the competition, which you can just see through your exhaustion and out of the corner of your eye, is gradually moving backwards, well, it's magic.

So perhaps I should write about the book. Or perhaps I have been writing about the book. Joe Rantz, in his old age, talking to the author, says, "Don't just write about me. It has to be about the boat." He was referring, I have no doubt at all, and as the author realized, to that magic, that knowledge that you and the others are capable of rowing individually but as though you were all one machine and the psychological power that results. The author does a pretty good job, I feel, of putting it all into words which both a landlubber can understand, and an oarsman can relate to. There are a few places where I felt "he hasn't captured an oarsman's thoughts in that situation quite perfectly," but they are slight and few and didn't detract significantly from reveries of myself taking Joe's place in the boat, rowing in the Washington crew, feeling the magic and winning those races!

As well as the enjoyment of mentally rerowing races, I was interested in some of what was going on in the world of rowing and the world in general in those years. For example, the University of Washington was apparently, in the mid '30s, the only rowing club for hundreds of miles and, apart from the University of California, the only rowing club for thousands of miles. An activity like rowing normally reaches a peak (that is, produces an outstanding crew) when it is flourishing, when there are many clubs in an area, frequently competing, drawing in new talent in huge numbers all the time. I was astonished to find such an outstanding crew coming out of such isolation. I was amused at the coach's instruction that the crew stop going swimming to pass some spare time while they were in Berlin before the Olympics because he was afraid they would build muscles which are not used in rowing. And I was appalled at the shenanigans, intended to give Germany an advantage, which went on at the start of the Olympic final. That sort of thing was unthinkable in the FISA I knew 50 years later.

The third aspect of the book I would like to mention (and I leave the best to last) is the story of Joe Rantz. John Nystrom covered this angle in his review, but I can't leave it untouched. Joe Rantz's story is astonishing. How he managed to survive, let alone achieve so much, through so many difficulties would be unbelievable. It would be a suitable basis for a novel if we didn't have assurance that it is all, in fact, true. And as much as Joe Rantz is a hero, his wife (his girlfriend during the period of the book) is an angel.

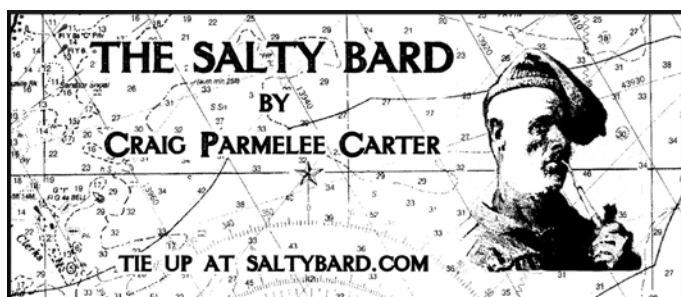


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Tattoo!

Sailed in to a port one day and I took up the pen.
Twas there I knew I'd have to re-invent myself again.
I asked the old bartender, and my shaman too;
they both said unequivocally, "you'll need a big tattoo!"

I'd tell you that I'm joking, but it's really what they said.
Luckily they wouldn't agree if I should shave my head.
Their strategy, though quite bizarre, they said is tried and true.
I promised them I'd play along and get the damned tattoo.

They said it must be visible; would do no good to hide.
Wear it like a medal, it will be a thing of pride.
Post it on your Facebook page, they winked at one-another.
I tried to see the bright side; I wouldn't have to show my mother.

She passed on so long ago, how time has slipped away.
Sweet memories of childhood stay with me to this day.
Two things she abhorred in life, insisting I refuse -
One was motorcycles and the other was tattoos!

Therein lay the quandary - my mind began to fog.
The inking was necessity, to be a salty dog.
Could I conscientiously proceed and go against my mother?
I'd won the first hand early on and now I'd win the other.

Was in a sailor's town - the joint looked a little shabby.
The sign that hung outside the place read, "We tattooed your daddy."
The artist was a dreadful sight, the image of Queequeg.
A golden tooth, a grimacing smile, was that a wooden leg?

His name was Thor, or so he said, he must have sensed my fear.
He locked the door behind me; growled, "I know why you're here."
I must have looked dumbfounded, I was trying not to stare.
He put a needle in his gun and pointed to the chair.
He handed me a rubber bone and snarled, "take off your shirt."
"Now put that bone between your teeth, cause this is gonna hurt!"

Pain had caught me by surprise, Thor grumbled, "sit still please."
Like a branding iron against my skin, the sting of fifty bees.
Halfway through I closed my eyes and prayed that it would end.
My tormentor chuckled callously, "endorphins are your friend."

When he'd finally finished he professed it looked like mud.
He took some antiseptic and he blotted off the blood.
I almost couldn't believe my eyes, of what that did avail,
Where there once was pale-white skin now went a diving whale!

A strange and more surprising sight I'll never likely see.
Of all the possibilities, it suits me perfectly.
But should I ever try again to alter my appearance,
just tie me to the mainmast till I've proven some coherence.



"Arethusa"
N.G. Herreshoff designed Buzzards Bay 25
Built in 1996



"Edith"
L.F. Herreshoff designed Rozinante
Built in 1995



"Olympus"
Dick Newick designed for the 1980
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Charlie Porter is not indulging in an idle fantasy with his plans to row the Drake Passage from Cape Horn to Antarctica. He spent 18 months in and around the Cape Horn area travelling in a Klepper fitted with an Oarmaster rowing rig, living with local natives while carrying on anthropological research. He rowed the Klepper around Cape Horn one mellow day during this adventure. And, he has left this November for Tierra del Fuego aboard a Tahitiana ketch he built of steel just for the purpose. So, he's really committed to his plans.

Look Where Charlie's Goin' Rowin'

Charlie Porter, an Adventurer Scaling Rock and Sailing Seas, is Dead at 63

By Bruce Weber, March 15, 2014
<http://www.nytimes.com/pages/sports/index.html>

By Bob Hicks

This is the headline from a *New York Times* obituary that turned up in our email. If you'd like to read it verbatim go to the link above. I'd like to reprint it in its entirety but it's copyrighted material so instead I have to come up with an alternative to bring you the story. Why should I do this? Well, we ran across Charlie Porter 30 years ago when all of his adventuring afloat (the scaling rock stuff came before our time) was just getting underway. He was a guest speaker at one of our local TSCA Chapter meetings and since he was also geographically local we had a chance to see first hand what he was up to.

In essence, Charlie was planning to row across the Drake Passage between Cape Horn and Antarctica in an aluminum rowboat with professional adventurer Ned Gillette.* He had already paddled around Cape Horn in a Klepper kayak on an extended stay in Tierra del Fuego, a place he was subsequently to make his home for the last 20 years of his life (where he died of a heart attack in March) and base for extensive scientific work in botany, oceanography and climatology.

He got there in a homebuilt 32' steel sailboat he built in his backyard in Pepperell, Massachusetts. More recently, in 2010 he captained a boat from the Falkland Islands to a remote speck in the mid South Atlantic, Tristan da Cunha, ferrying Swedish scientists doing climate research, the return journey to Uruguay took 33 days through rough seas.

So herewith I'm bringing you two feature articles we published about Charlie and his dream back in 1984. Any of you who were with us 30 years ago when these appeared on our pages may recall them, but if not, enjoy them again. And for all who did not see them first time around, they are as pertinent today to our messing about in boats focus as they were then.

*Ultimately Charlie did not accompany Ned in the journey, opting out on the dock in Ushuaia at departure time. Gillette and other crew did make the crossing.

Charlie Porter's latest boat was launched on Thursday, October 25, 1984 in Camden, Maine. The boat is a twice sized version of a Swampscot Dory made of welded aluminum. It is 28 feet long with a 7 foot beam and weighs about 1500 lbs. empty. It features nine separate airtight chambers in its construction. The bottom and sides are 3/16ths plate and the topsides are 1/8th with liberal stiffening members throughout. The ends are not only welded permanently shut but pumped full of foam flotation to boot! The launching was followed by righting tests which consisted of attaching a line to one rail and passing it under the boat and up on the opposite side. The boat, ballasted with about two tons of water in the two under cabin compartments was then slowly lifted by a crane attached to the line which remained taut until it had heeled the boat considerably past ninety degrees whereupon the craft rolled completely over and bobbed upright in the space of a very few seconds, proving to have the desired self righting qualities in spades. Even if you get this thing upside down, you can't make it stay there. What would anyone want with a boat like this? Obviously its intent is for something a little more strenuous than a picnic cruise to Misery Island on a summer's day. The purpose of all this stability and strength is obvious when you learn that it is intended to be rowed from Cape Horn to Antarctica, yes, that cold place at the bottom of the world with all the penguins on it.

Why, you may well ask? Well, Charlie's attitude is that it would be a nice piece of rowing because unlike most other ocean crossings in rowing craft, although this is a short one (480 mi.) it will be at ninety degrees to the prevailing wind and current not with it as is the preferred direction for long passages under oars. "After all is it really rowing if you would eventually reach your destination just as well by drifting with the wind and current?" asks Charlie.

I met with Charlie at Miller Wharf Marina last Sunday and after an evening of description and discussion I had to see and try this boat out. In a phone call on Wednesday Charlie told me that the best time for this would be on the day after all the launching and testing festivities, so I found myself driving up the Maine pike Friday morning through a cold rainy blustery dark dawn, perfect testing conditions, which as luck would have it persisted through the whole day.

Eleven A.M. found me standing on the dock alongside a very strange looking craft with the name HUNKY DORY on the bow. I was met by Ned Gillette, Bill Linnell and Craig Klonika, the other propulsion units for the voyage. The intent is to have two people rowing and two resting in four hour shifts around the clock. The boat is fitted with two Martin sliding seats and two pair of Dreissegaker carbon fiber oars. It carries two dagger boards and a rudder, none of which were yet finished so a temporary dagger board of quarter inch plywood was fitted in the after slot and the ballast adjusted to an even keel. The oars were laid into the locks and the engines installed with me

playing the part of the forward engine. We began our trials out of Camden Harbor into a steady drizzle with 15 to 20 miles an hour of wind from the northeast and about three feet of short chop, a fine day in Antarctica. On the way out of the harbor a lobster pot got snagged on the plywood board but slipped off suddenly, we later found that it took most of the board with it leaving us with a clean bottom, no skeg, rudder or directional stability. We set a course intended to take us around Curtis island at the mouth of the harbor but were unable to make satisfactory ground to windward against the wind and chop so instead we chose to skirt the lee of the island and so shorten the windward leg of the trip to just the length of the island, but when we came around into the wind again we were unable to make satisfactory headway to windward and so decided to return to the dock and adjust the ballast and install a rudder.

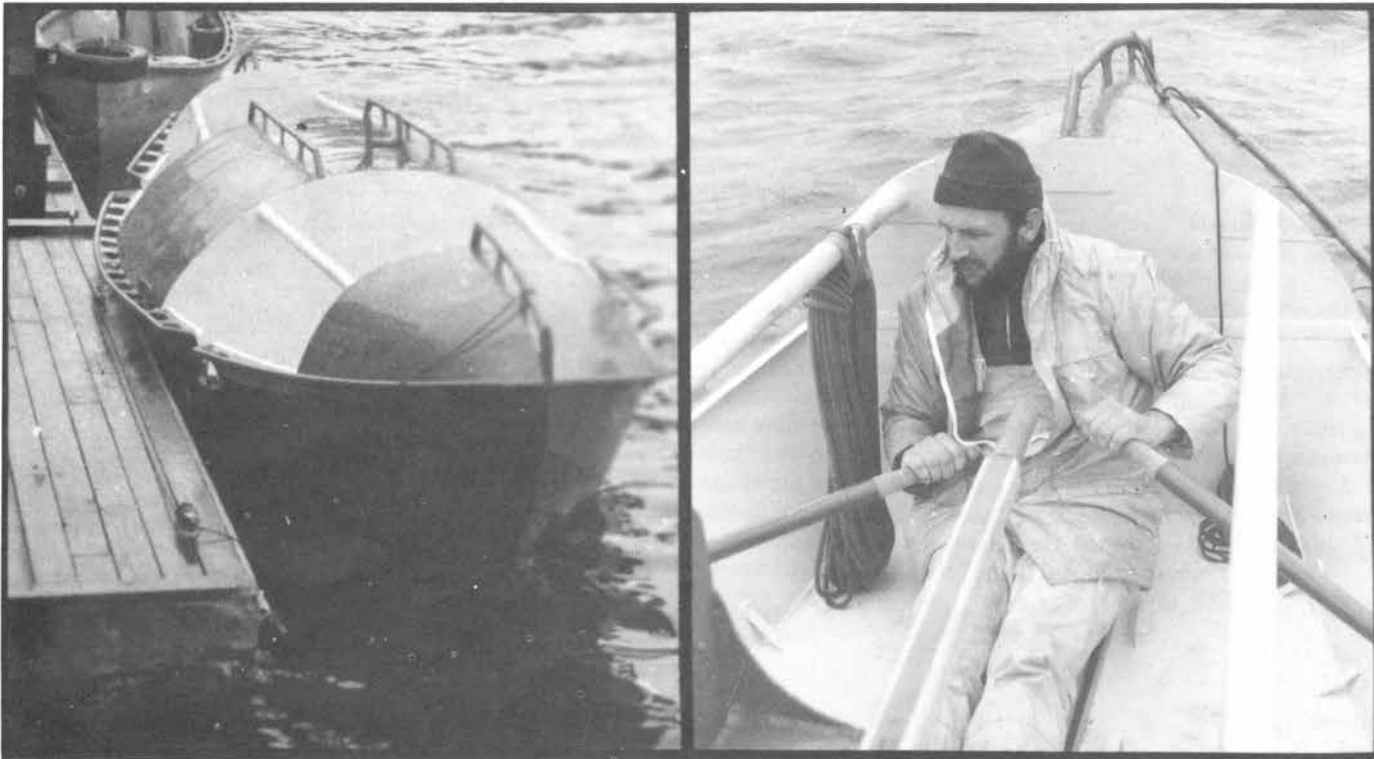
A considerable amount of ballast was removed which made the boat ride higher and gave it a quicker motion. A newly welded rudder assembly (virtually still warm) was dropped through the slot at the stern and tiller lines fitted. After a short fortification of sub sandwiches and a cup of hot soup we were ready to try again to round the island. The boat seemed to move more easily in the harbor but when

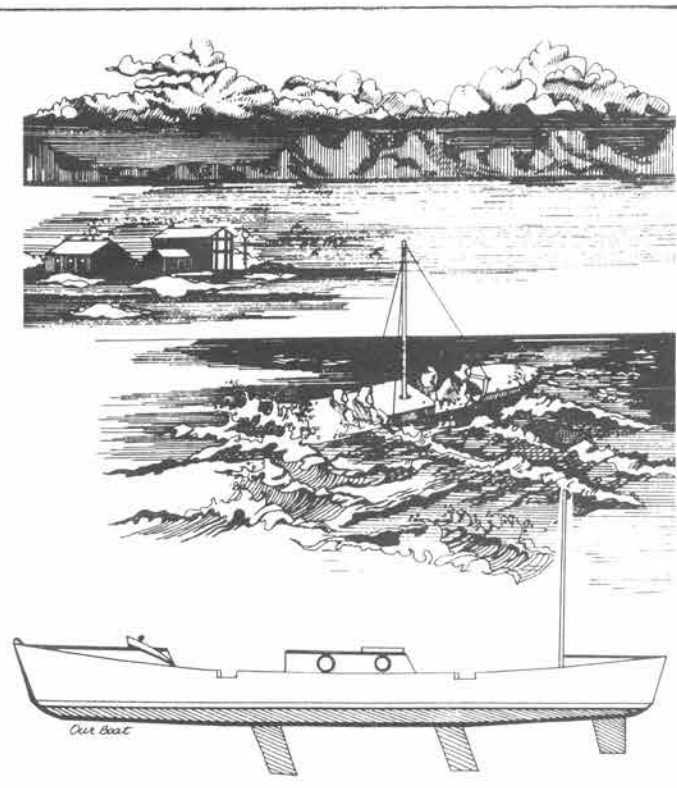
we encountered the wind and chop again we found that progress was more difficult due in part to the fact that the quick motion of a lighter boat made it hard to keep both oars in the water long enough to do any good, that coupled with the tendency to pirouette around the rudder whenever we managed to get it turned head on into the wind made the process very frustrating. To make matters more interesting we now found ourselves downwind from the mouth of the harbor and very close to the rocks. After a few minutes of concerted effort we managed to turn away from shore and gain some sea room to sort things out. The decision was made to run downwind to Rockport harbor, about three miles at this point. The downwind leg was a sleighride but upon rounding Dead Man's Point at the entrance, we again found ourselves with a headwind, but this time with flat water and no roll to interfere with the rowing, progress was slow but definite and we were able to gain the shelter of Beauchamp Point. Once inside the hills, progress up the harbor was relatively easy. The most likely looking tie up was a float fragrant with the aroma of lobster bait, a real working dock but there was no one around to ask so we tied up and went ashore to seek transport back to

Camden and our cars. Thinking this a good time to call a friend I phoned Bill Gribbel who lives a mile or so from the harbor. He responded by coming down to the dock with his wife and gave the five of us a ride to Camden and further indebted us to them by inviting us over to their house for a supper of soup and sandwiches, which around the warmth of a woodstove were doubly appreciated. Bill writes a column for a local newspaper and being an avid oarsman himself exhibited more than a casual interest in a recounting of the day's activities. Many of the problems we found we felt could be improved upon with adjustments such as longer oars, better underwater directional control, lowered oarlocks, stronger seats, optimising the ballast and probably many more things that will come to light in further tests. Indeed in a phone conversation with Charlie I learned that after this rather disappointing performance he stayed a few days longer with the boat and they were able to go to windward in what he judged to be thirty miles an hour of wind by installing the dagger boards and adjusting the ballast and removing the rudder so there is hope yet. The date of this voyage is November of 1985 so there is a lot of work to be done yet. P.S. NO, I am not going with this band of merry men. Nuf sed.

Report and Photos by Henry P. Szostek

The aluminum dory is built along lifeboat lines. The writer gets used to the rowing setup.





Report by Bob Hicks
Based on Patagonia
Research Foundation
Brochure

Rowing to Antarctica...

the goal, the people, the boat, the plan!

The December 15th issue included a report from Henry Szostek on a 28 foot aluminum dory specially built for a voyage to Antarctica to be undertaken by archeologist Charlie Porter, from Pepperell, MA. The boat had just been launched in late November and Henry was invited along as he had gotten to know Charlie well and was a serious oarsman himself.

Charlie Porter is a free lance archeologist and mountaineer. He apprenticed to an elderly archeologist a number of years ago doing research on the early indians of the southern tip of South America of 10,000 years ago. When his mentor no longer could travel to the wild areas involved, Charlie carried on, and spent 18 months alone, for the most part, continuing his research and camping out or with the poverty level remaining indigenous indian population. He travelled by Klepper fitted with a Martin Oarmaster, the only boat rig he could take to that remote area by plane. During his stay, he indulged one day in "Rounding the Horn" in his Klepper, paddling from the mainland body of Tierra del Fuego out to and around the island peak that marks the absolute southernmost extremity of South America. It was a mellow day, and he was under surveillance during the trip by Chilean police from the station they maintain at Cape Horn.

Perhaps during that adventure, he cast a glance to the south, where 480 miles of the wildest water on earth separate Antarctica from South America.

Whether it was then, or not, Charlie has conceived and is now organizing a voyage under oars across that forbidding strait. The boat Henry sampled is one step along the way.

The goal is pretty simple. Nobody has yet forced their way to the bottom of the world by muscle power. Early visitors travelled there by sail, later by steam, and today by air. Nobody has ever tried to row the furious fifties and screaming sixties. Charlie views this as one of the few remaining honest adventures, travelling from continent to continent crossing the world's wildest sea in the smallest craft ever taken into the Antarctic ice. The professional aspect of all this is to probe the theory that early man may have done the deed 6500 years ago. Charlie's research has convinced him that the indians of that time and place had the necessary sea going technology to do it, much as early polynesians travelled the vast reaches of the Pacific. Charlie's expedition will look for traces of early man on the frozen shores of the Antarctic Peninsula, an area not entirely covered by ice.

While Charlie has in the past funded his research from family resources, this adventure is budgeted at \$172,000 and sponsors are being solicited. The sponsors are offered exposure based on the expedition's planned film and TV coverage. To this end, Porter, who is unknown outside his specialty, is but part of a four person team. Ned Gillette is an experienced mountaineering expedi-

tion leader with connections to the National Geographic Society, David Brashers is a film maker who filmed live video from the summit of Mt. Everest in 1983, and Jan Reynolds is Brashear's assistant with a long list of expedition credentials. This is not a group of idle fantasizers.

OK, that's the background, now how about the boat? This is, after all, a publication about boats. Charlie's description of the boat is as follows:

"We will operate in the toughest rowing boat ever built, a pioneering design. She must be seaworthy, able to survive breaking seas that could be (but hopefully won't be) sixty feet in height. She must have capacity to carry all our supplies. Yet she must be fast. Speed is the key to our success; durability the key for our survival.

The boat is 28 feet long. She is designed for rowing efficiency, like an overweight racing shell; yet, at the same time, for bombproof toughness, like a steel drum, structurally re-inforced to withstand the violent battering of wave and ice in the southern ocean. The hull is made of the highest strength marine grade aluminum. Positive flotation is ensured by an inner lining of foam. The boat is self bailing and self righting in the dreaded event of a capsizing. She is absolutely watertight above and below decks.

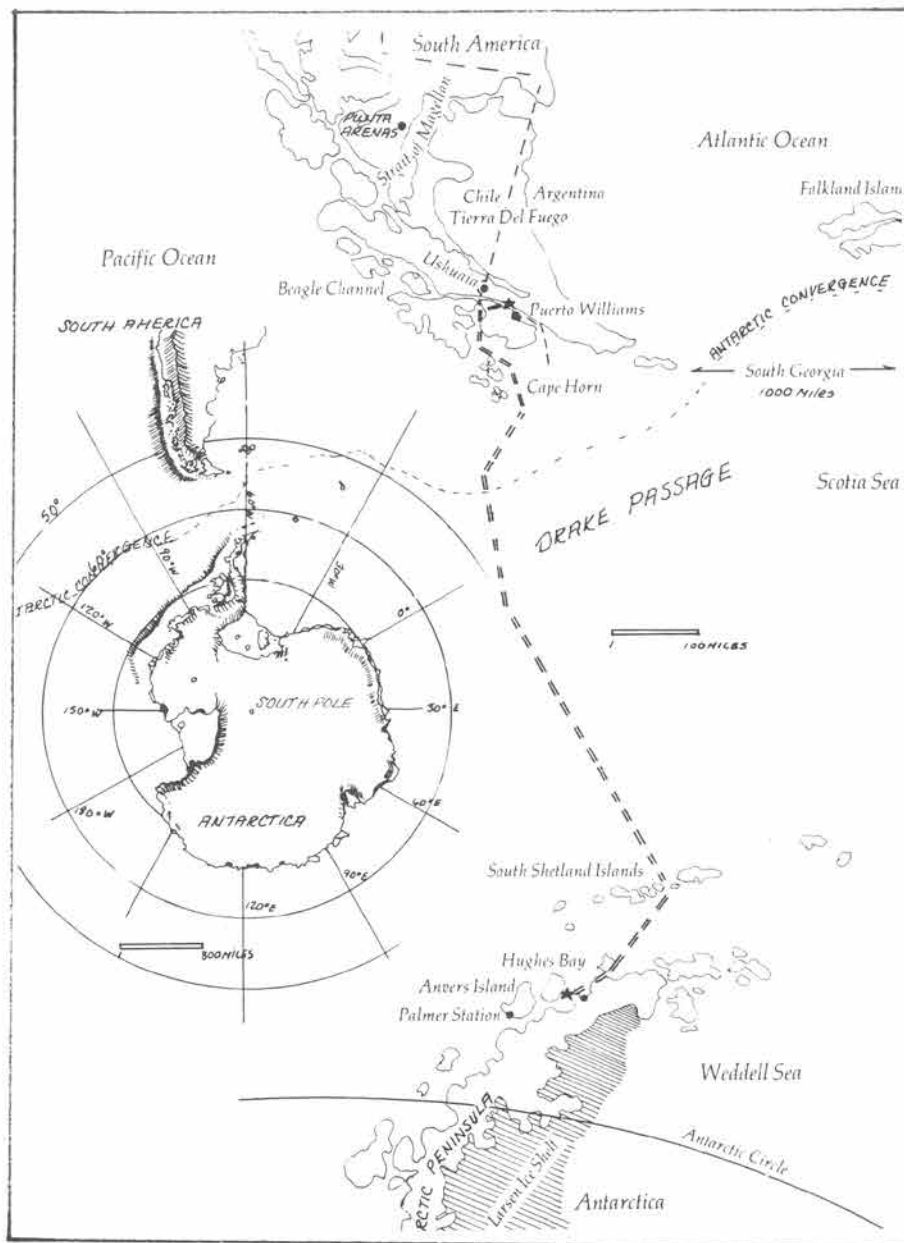
Two oarsmen on sliding seats will pull on sculling oars. They will operate from two separate cockpits located fore

and aft of a center cabin. The "coffin" cabin gives crew shelter. During the worst storms in these great cold seas the only way to survive is below deck. A short sailing rig can be raised in emergencies much as Sir Ernest Shackleton did in his epic small boat voyage from Antarctica to South Georgia in 1916 after his ship *ENDURANCE* was crushed in the ice. Master boatbuilder Bill Cooper and his son Douglas of Woods Hole, MA and aluminum specialist Jack Winninghoff of Ipswich, MA were in charge of construction."

The plan for the voyage has been developed by Porter, drawing on his experiences over 18 months of rowing some 3,000 miles in the Cape Horn area in his *Klepper*. The expedition will get set up in Beagle Channel and conduct final sea trials in the local environment in November of 1985. A 200 mile row to Cape Horn will be the final test of the boat and crew. At the Cape, they will await certain weather conditions. Porter found that an easterly gale, which blows about twice a month, when a depression passes north of the Cape, is usually followed by moderating conditions with the wind dying off into a northerly. As soon as such an easterly shows signs of blowing itself out, the adventurers will head off southwesterly running before the wind as it swings into the north. They plan to press on as fast as possible in this "calm" making distance westward and southward, so that when the normal fierce westerly winds resume, they can then turn into a southeasterly direction and head for the South Shetland Islands.

About halfway they expect to run into the perpetual fogbanks at the Antarctic Convergence where the cold southern water meets the warmer surface water of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. At this point, they will be committed, safer and more practical to carry on than to try to turn back. The major concern will be to avoid being blown too far eastward out of Drake Passage and into the south Atlantic ocean. If this does happen, they will set a course downwind to the island of South Georgia, nearly a thousand miles away. In all of this they will have a powerful radio onboard and emergency locator transmitters, but there will be no escort vessel of any sort.

From the South Shetlands, the expedition will row 200 miles to Hughes Bay on the Antarctic Peninsula, where the first recorded landing on the continent was made in 1821 by an American sealing ship. This peninsula is the only part of Antarctica accessible to small craft with its western coastline free of pack ice after the December breakup through into March. There will still be much ice about and the plan is to haul the boat onto the ice if it is threatened at all with being crushed. The course will pass by Deception Island where a still active volcanic condition exists in the collapsed, sea filled cone. Here the water is a balmy 100 degrees F and the crew could go for a nice swim if they chose!



Before the onset of the winter night comes, the expedition will press ahead to the Antarctic Circle where several year round scientific stations are manned by five nations.

If the journey proceeds without any major delays, time will be in hand after first landfall for Porter to search for archeological sites of pre-historic man having visited the Antarctic continent. Porter's prior research turned up many sites of camps of "natives" during a warming trend some 6500 years ago on the Tierra del Fuego Cape Horn land mass. Others have noted that arrowheads have been spotted on the Antarctic peninsula, but no organized scientific archeological investigations have followed. Porter theorizes that early man may have emigrated not only from Australia and Polynesia to South America but also to Antarctica by being carried too far to the south. Maori legend has it that around 650 AD some of their people visited the land of perpetual ice. So, Charlie Porter thinks all of this is worth the risk.

Well, this is some adventure. The scope would be regarded as a fantasy were it not for Charlie Porter's prior efforts in the area. And, this mid-winter of 1984-85, he has completed his 32 foot steel Tahitian ketch which he will sail south to the Beagle Channel for the base of operations. Charlie built the boat in his yard in Pepperell, MA over the past several years. Not an idle dream.

Unlike most scientific expeditions, this one has no large institutional backing. Porter and his fellow adventurers are operating within the non-profit Patagonia Research Foundation, which Porter founded and heads. They are attempting to raise about \$200,000 from corporate sponsors as the resources which supported his prior expeditions are apparently not up to this scale. Still, in this day of big buck research, this is not an enormous sum of money for so daring and potentially rewarding an expedition.

Rowing to Antarctica, it does boggle the mind, doesn't it.

The general concept of this adventure is to offer a spread of places and types of "accommodations." Each launch ramp will have a regular state or privately run campground handy for people who either don't want to spend every night on the ground or who may be travelling with somebody who would rather "stay behind." There are overnight beach camping spots at each location, with either "destination/turn around" spots or stops of opportunity for folks who choose to go less far by boat that particular day.

The routing is also done with a sequence that should allow for late arrivals and early departures. It scribes an arc around the Spokane metropolitan area and airport, from upper right to lower left. The main east west highways are I-90 and Hwy 2. Both pass through Spokane with Hwy 2 offering the jump off to our first lake, Priest Lake.

There is a day planned between lakes #1 and #2 that could allow for a rendezvous for late arrivals. And we'll be passing a rather popular rib house before plunging into the backcountry. Lake #2 is actually two different launch ramps with quite different character. Each is located at established campgrounds, but only one is within easy "I forgot to buy milk" range of a store.

And the last lake is out in what we refer to hereabouts as scab lands. Very interesting geologically. Quite rural. And, for the junk car and old truck aficionados, the place is about paved with old farm rigs of all description. I haven't yet confirmed with the owner of the little fishing resort I plan to use, but let's just say that even the weeds stand at attention. Out in the middle of nowhere and about as spiffy as you'll find.

I'll supply a comprehensive list of costs and fees/passes required soon. Generally they include things like Idaho invasive species stickers, Discover passes for state launch ramps, Golden Age passes for federal ramps in the National Rec Areas and overnight camping costs in the established campgrounds.

Basic Layout

Starting at the far north (heavy conifers and high mountains), proceeding into the semi arid rolling hills and pine forests of the upper Columbia impoundments and ending with a taste of the prairie on the edge of the basalt "scab lands." All in a Wednesday to Wednesday.

Wednesday, 10 September: Breakfast at "AJ's" café in Priest River, Idaho, at 0800. Meet and launch at Coolin, Idaho, at south end of Priest Lake. Proceed to beach camping area on Bartoo Island (less than five miles).



Thursday, 11 September: Transit to north end of Priest Lake for overnight beach camping (about 15 miles) with option to move into Upper Priest for either overnight or day trip/visit (an additional five to seven miles).

Moveable Messabout

September 2014

By Dan Rogers
DanAshore@conceptcable.com



Friday, 12 September: Return to launch ramp and drive to next destination (about 80 two lane highway miles). It's a nice drive and other than logging trucks, school busses and cars towing boats home for the winter, pretty unbusy. Night in the campground at Hunters, Washington.



Saturday, 13 September: In and about Hunters. There are literally hundreds of beaches that may be reached in small boats for overnight camping if that suits your fancy. We'll be retrieving boats and heading out for the next destination come morning.



Sunday, 14 September: Drive to Porcupine Bay. The highway passes the Two Rivers Casino on the Reservation side of the river if that sort of thing appeals. It's another 15-20 miles on up the road to Porcupine Bay, near the lower end of the Spokane River.

Monday, 15 September: Day trip up to the head of navigation on the Spokane River (about ten miles each way). There is about the most extensive array of swallows' nests in the cliffsides along this stretch of water that I've ever seen. With the exception of a few farms and beach houses along the way, this is essentially what it looked like when David Thompson and his ilk were out trapping beavers and hauling them to market.



Tuesday, 16 September: Retrieve boats and head for a brunch in Davenport, Washington. There's a delightful little hole in the wall restaurant and wild west motel that is worth the 30 mile drive. At this point we are on Hwy 2 that connects Snohomish County destinations with Spokane, Montana and points farther east. But, if you can stay for one more day, there is a nice drive south through the wheat fields that ends up at an essentially "undiscovered" but immaculately maintained little resort on an essentially "undiscovered" five mile long lake.



Wednesday, 17 September: Daysailing, paddling, etc., on Sprague Lake. The main attraction, aside from the almost total paucity of houses along the shoreline, is a rather large pelican preserve at the far end of the lake. And, being prairie, the wind just about always blows.

I-90 passes within a mile of the church steeple in Sprague. The freeway can get you anywhere you need to go from there. If you can make it, this should be a quite wonderful opportunity to see some new places, meet some new friends and generally have a great time. Hope to see you.



Photo surveys of launch ramps were all taken during the week after Labor Day 2013 and should represent the general lack of people and probability for nice weather.



A Katabatic Squall

By Duncan Wright

In 1878, *HMS Eurydice*, a 141' training ship, returned from the West Indies. On March 24, nearly within sight of her homeport of Spithead, she capsized and sank in a squall. Of 368 people aboard, two survived. Before the squall the weather was sunny with a dropping barometer. The wind was off the land. To avoid the worst of the strong tide, so as to make Spithead by nightfall, the ship was sailing one and half miles off the high cliffs of the Isle of Wight. She had all sail set. The ports of the main deck had been left open.

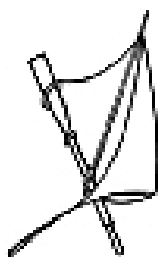
That afternoon Alex Viator was walking with a friend on the cliffs of the Isle of Wight and saw the *Eurydice* below, with her "snowy white canvas and black hull cutting her way through the water. A few minutes later a sudden squall struck us, accompanied by a blinding snowstorm, which effectually shut the vessel from our view." During the squall wind and snow rushed down a ravine in the cliffs, striking the ship. The crew could not shorten sail in time. The *Eurydice* heeled, water rushed in through the open ports and she sank in five minutes. Ten minutes later the squall passed. The sun came out, brilliantly.

During the Admiralty Court Martial Hearings on August 28, 1878, William Jenken, master of the coal schooner *Emma*, testified. The *Emma* had been near the *Eurydice* but came through the squall without adverse effects. William Jenken said, "I noticed the storm brewing up for about half an hour before it struck. It came on very suddenly. The cloud was very black with every appearance of having wind in it. We felt a puff of wind and shortened sail down to a standing jib. We continued on our course. It was a very violent squall but I've seen worse. It was a very sudden squall."

Captain Carter of the Admiralty asked him, "You stated that your ship was four or five miles from land. Do you think a ship under the high land about a mile and half from shore would have had the same opportunity that you had for observing the storm brewing?"

William Jenken replied, "It would not."

References: *The Times*: Articles collected on the website of William Loney, Royal Navy: Verney, E.H. *The Last Four Days of the Eurydice*, Portsmouth: Griffin, 1878.



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Across the Med

By Steve Axon

It was the winter of 2001 and I was struggling through that gray season in Salt Lake City, dreaming of warmer climes. The year before we had bought an old ketch in New England and made a 12 month voyage down the East Coast and back, spending the coldest months in the wonderful islands of the Bahamas. So this winter's routine back home seemed particularly lackluster after that adventure.

Helen and the kids were staying busy with school and work, but I was practicing retirement and so just putzing around the house, looking forward to spring. Then in March an email came to me from Dave Cooper. We'd met the year before in Georgetown, Exuma. That spring, Dave and his wife Renee had sailed their old Alberg 30 across the Atlantic. *Cookin* was headed for Great Britain, but headwinds kept driving them back to the Azores. After several attempts to push north, they'd given up on England and reached over to Portugal in September. There, the pleasures of the small coastal resorts had kept them from covering much ground and they only made it as far as Gibraltar when the weather cooled off in November. So they hauled the boat and flew on to Vienna (Renee's home town) with plans to settle.

Four months later Rene was gainfully employed but Dave's German wasn't good enough yet to let him find work. So he figured to take two months and move the boat closer to home. He planned to sail across the NW Mediterranean, then park *Cookin* somewhere in the Adriatic, perhaps near Venice or over on the Dalmatian coast. Dave knew I wasn't working either and wondered if I wanted to come along as crew?

I was about packed by the time the computer had finished its shut down routine. All the Gibraltar connections I could find ran through London. It turns out there are a lot of Brits with condominiums down in that last branch of the empire and they fly down on weekends for a bit of sun and duty free shopping. So off I went to London, made my connecting flight at Sedgewick and was soon circling around the famous Rock of Gibraltar.

Our pilot was a more of a Terry Thomas character than the unflappable Chuck Yeager model all American pilots emulate. He soon got on the intercom and described the unique circumstances involved with landing at "The Rock." The place is all mountain and foothills and the only flat spot for a runway is along the sometimes hostile border isthmus with Spain. That strip of connecting sand supports a highway, border crossing stations and the usual European assortment of tank traps and barbed wire. This all sits right under a cliff full of big British guns, ready to defend Gibraltar from any land attack.

The colonists have filled in a runway along their side of the international border, perpendicular to the isthmus, and it extends well out into the bay on either side. To land a plane they must close the only road into the country, while they wait for the aircraft to touch down across the highway. An interesting arrangement.

Winds whip around "the Rock" unpredictably, making this landing dicey under anything but calm conditions. Our aviator gleefully pointed out the tail of a Boeing 727



Leaving Gibraltar. The big white patch is sheet metal roofing to catch rain water.

protruding from the cold water off the western end of the tarmac. "That's what happens when you bloody well miss!" he chuckled over the speaker. The passengers were all laughing nervously at this point, while the flight attendants were rolling their eyes at this breach of professional etiquette. "Terry" then proceeded to make a perfect landing and directed us all to look out the right side of the aircraft as we taxied up to the terminal. There, across the anchorage, lay a collection of truly seedy bars, propped haphazardly above the bay on stilts improvised from the wreckage of old steamers. They were the product of centuries of naval operations in and around Gibraltar. Our aviator proudly announced that his fondest ambition was to own one of those little gin mills and quietly drink himself into oblivion, once he quits this lousy job.

On that note, we all gratefully disembarked and cleared customs. Dave walked up and helped me carry my duffel around to where *Cookin* was bobbing away merrily in front of one of those gin palaces. We were soon squared away and ready to sail, but the weather wasn't cooperating. Pressure gradients between the cool Atlantic and the warmer Mediterranean send brisk winds howling through the Straights and tidal currents of up to 6 knots further complicate things, producing breaking waves when the wind is against the current. We weren't in any hurry to go out there and get beat up in a 30' boat.

So, for three breezy days we kicked around Gibraltar, climbing up and down the mountain, poking through the old fortifications and even exploring the endless sheet metal catchments that had provided cistern water to the town (whenever the Spanish closed the border pipeline). Gibraltar still has a lot of colonial charm, with many impressive old public buildings and a famous botanical garden. But it also features a flotilla of new highrise apartments, perched on fill islands out in the bay, and there are just too many people and cars around for the limited amount of real estate available.

Those ancient waterfront bars turned out to be the most affordable places to eat, if we could digest the remarkable British pub food (I probably don't even want to know what "Toad in the Hole" is). Beer was a steep \$4 a pint, but the same price got us a plate of pretty passable curry.

The overpowering winds finally abated and we ran east along the southern coast of Spain in 20 knots, riding the remnants of Atlantic rollers. The sweet, low Alberg, with its graceful counter transom, would glide eas-

ily up over each comber, and we seldom took a wave. Dave showed me how he had coaxed this old girl across the Atlantic, never pushing her too hard, and routinely yielding the right of way to any shipping as well as steering clear of thunderstorms or questionable weather. His point was to get there in one piece and not try to set a record for a fast passage.

Cookin had not had a major rebuild prior to this big adventure and it was a little sobering to have items like the jib halyard winch break off the mast as we tried to crank up a headsail (no roller furling aboard). Dave offset this "old boat disease" by doing things in the traditional manner, like closing every seacock when not in use. To start the engine, use the head or wash the dishes we had to reach down and open a valve, often in some awkward spot. Then we were supposed to remember to close the thing again once we were through. He's the only cruiser I know of who still holds to this inconvenient routine, though I must admit it does provide peace of mind, especially offshore. With those sea cocks open we're really floating on old hoses and clamps.

Cookin had wind vane steering, the first I had ever sailed with, and it was interesting to try and figure out how the thing worked. The vane up in the air merely senses the wind direction, while the power to turn the boat is provided by a smaller, swiveling fin down in the water. The wind vane twists the lower blade, which then pulls the tiller via a series of blocks and small lines led through the transom. It was pretty sobering to learn that the course steered downwind with this technology was only about plus or minus 45° and so we zig zagged along on a run. More shocking still was the fact that the chafe through the blocks was severe enough to wear out the $\frac{5}{16}$ " lines after about 30 hours of service, so Dave was constantly replacing them and had done so all the way across the Atlantic!

Leaving Gibraltar, we sailed along the "Costa del Sol," which is an arid, rocky plain, backed by 7,000' high mountains. The main signs of civilization here are the huge plastic greenhouses built wherever they have water to irrigate with. Some of these structures covered many acres and must have been providing produce for most of Europe. There was also a series of big, new artificial harbors, with 600 boat fleets of happy sailors, over wintering in their sunny slips for the bargain price of \$4/day. This included power and water! These marinas weren't set in old towns with quaint restaurants and colorful markets, so there didn't seem to be a lot to do here beyond drinking and playing cards. But

the English and Scandinavian sailors were all happy just to be out of the foul weather back home, much like our Yankee yachtsmen parked in Florida's marinas each winter.



Yacht finished felluca, Almeria, Spain.

We made a couple of overnight hops eastward, then turned the corner past Almeria and headed northeast along the "Costa Blanca." Hill country here formed more bays and the climate was now almost moist enough to support some traditional agriculture. Lovely stone windmills, with triangular fabric sails, had pumped water and ground grain in the pre electric days. Each village featured a cozy harbor and modest tourist facilities to supplement its dying fisheries and small scale farming. This was about where I realized that every bit of sunny Mediterranean beach now has cheap charter air connections to colder, wealthier places in northern Europe and the amount of weekend commuting is unbelievable. Many of these visitors kept homes locally and were flying down from Germany or Scandinavia every weekend. Charter fares in the \$35 range made this sun seeking lifestyle possible.

While the air fares may have been a bargain, the restaurant food was not, and once again we took our meals aboard or in the bars, this time enjoying the much healthier fare at the "Tapas" counter. Small servings of foods from all over the Mediterranean were displayed on the bar and we could sample these for about dollar a dish. So we often filled up on baba ganoush, pickled herrings and stuffed olives and, with an inexpensive bottle of local wine, called it dinner.

From Alicante, we made the easy jump across to the Balearic islands, which are still a part of Spain. Tiny Formentera was the first spot we anchored and this low, pastoral island was rather reminiscent of Martha's Vineyard, but without all the clothing those stuffy New Englanders wear. The northern Europeans are very insistent on getting a full body tan and don't seem to be the least bit worried about offending the conservative Catholic residents of these sunny regions as they strip down at

the first sight of sand. It's absolutely routine to see some tiny old "duenna," covered head to foot in dark woollens and a head scarf, hobbling past some fleshy, overweight, sunburnt tourist sporting a thong (or less). I'd love to know what those little old ladies are thinking? They must practice some sort of selective blindness to cope with the weird cross of cultures.

Being stodgy old married men, Dave and I sailed right past the famous night life of Ibiza and made an overnight voyage to Palma of Majorca. Motoring along in the mid afternoon haze, we spotted something big awash out in open water, attracting a lot of gulls. Closer inspection revealed a sperm whale which had tangled in netting and apparently drowned. The bloated carcass was floating high with the gases of decomposition and the smell as we passed was almost as depressing as the sight. I think this was the only large marine animal we sighted during the entire 60 day trip. No seals, porpoises, turtles or cetaceans seem to be left in this sterile sea. I'm pretty certain all us "gourmets" are responsible.

Around dawn, as we approached the busy harbor of Palma, our Diesel suddenly wound down to a stop. Dave began pulling the companionway apart to check for overheating or the usual fuel supply problems. This woke me up from off watch and we discussed the symptoms. With a rare flash of insight, I told him we had something fouled around the prop. There followed a lengthy debate about whose job it was to go over the side into the cool water and dim light. Arguing comfortably from my bunk, I insisted that it was his watch and his ship and finally saw Dave slide reluctantly over the gunnel. He quickly bobbed back up with the remnants of a fiberglass feed bag in his hand and we were underway again.



Dave clears the prop off Palma.

Palma is a bustling tourist city with a fascinating old walled medieval town at its core. This was complete with a big cathedral, chic curbside cafes and wonderful street mimes. There was a silver Elvis in sequined jump suit whose entire act was to strike a classy pelvic pose while a "jailhouse rock" played on the boom box. Then, between tunes, he would slowly move in a mechanical fashion (imitating a robot) into the next classic Elvis pose and the next song would come on. The guy must have been clearing \$500 a day and was worth it.

The many fine restaurants and shops were again out of our price range, so we cooked aboard and explored the place via bus and trolley. After two days, we coasted around the big island counterclockwise, anchoring each night in a tight "Cala."

These limestone gorges have been flooded by the rising post glacial seas and make snug spots to park in, if we could figure out how to limit our swing. Commonly, they may be a half mile long but less than 75 yards wide with deep water right up to the cliffs. The trick is to drop a hook out in the center of the channel, then back up to the cliff and attach a stern line to a tree or shrub, resulting in the classic "Med moor." While we were snug and secure in most any weather, it was still startling to glance out the companionway and see a hundred feet of rock wall hanging over the boat.



Cookin at anchor in a "cala."

From Porto Cristo on Majorca, we sailed over to the smaller island of Menorca, still part of the Balearic chain. We circled that island in the same manner until we found ourselves in Mahon, another great medieval walled town. This one perches 400' above the best natural harbor in the region, with a narrow winding entrance channel leading into a totally protected lagoon. The spot had been an important trading center in the days of sail (and headquarters of the British Squadron in O'Brien's *Master and Commander*) but had clearly fallen into disuse over the last few centuries. Mahon is only now being rediscovered as a tourist destination and was quietly charming when compared to bustling Palma. We saw an interesting collection of cruising boats dispersed around the harbor and decided this would be a great spot to stop and explore.

Unfortunately, the forecast was for good weather so, instead of hanging around, we left at dawn the next morning on the three day crossing to Corsica. This was a delivery after all and also the region of the "Mistral," a gale force wind that funnels across southern France from the Atlantic. It's a good place to pay attention to that forecast and to make our passage while the conditions are benign.

Arriving at the southern tip of Corsica after a comfortable few days in diminishing winds, we anchored in another cala, this time beneath the town of Bonifacio. This spectacular walled village is perched on a narrow peninsula that hangs perhaps 600' above the sea. All the old towns around the Mediterranean seem to be perched on these steep, defensible spots, a dramatic testimonial to the range and ferocity of the old time

pirates. I've had residents of Italian villages 40 miles inland relate their local history to me, basically a chronology of pirate sackings over the centuries.



Bonifacio floats above the sea fog.

Corsica in 2001 was a mainstream tourist destination, but also a hotbed of political activity. Corsican nationalists carried out small bombings almost nightly. They were blowing up cafes and post offices while we were there, in protest of the French occupation. Happily, these acts were always carried out in the wee hours of the morning so as not to harm anyone. Such civil terrorism seems almost quaint after our experiences of 9/11.

We left *Cookin* moored to the cliff and spent a couple of days busing around this gorgeous mountainous island. There were amazing contrasts to be seen with beach tourism going on only a few miles from popular mountain hiking areas and even some ski touring happening in the 9,000' peaks. The French love Corsica and have done a lot to protect the traditional atmosphere and agricultural look of the place. This "protection" from "development" is the main reason for all the protests. The locals would just as soon get rich like the rest of Europe. When adding the terrific French and Italian cuisines to the spectacular and varied scenery, one realizes that Corsica is yet another place we'd love to spend time in.

Cruising boats Med moored to the cliff below Bonifacio.



But again we didn't and soon we made the short crossing south to Sardinia, where we coasted down the eastern shore. We were now in Italian waters, but in these happy EU days all the border inspections and paperwork had disappeared. You just take the train, sail, drive or walk wherever you like. No need to change currency either. The only down side is that, as a cruiser, you must leave the EU within 18 months or face the enormous VAT tax, worth 40% of your boat's value. *Cookin* was going to wind up in a Bonded Storage yard somewhere that would certify when the boat was not in use, stopping that official tax clock from ticking.

The mountains along the east coast of Sardinia drop steeply into the sea so there were few natural harbors or old towns along this shore. It seems the place was simply too inaccessible to develop much until bulldozers and dynamite came along. The last of the spring Mistral pinned us down in Tortoli for a day and I enjoyed a long hike up to the ridge above town. The thing that struck me most on this stroll was that all the vegetation along the roadside were plants we know of as "herbs." Marjoram, rosemary, thyme, oregano and tarragon all grew like weeds around here. I guess they were the local weeds, but ones that we've acquired a taste for. The frequent olive groves were intermixed with stands of cork oaks with their trunks wildly scarred from having the bark repeatedly stripped to make stoppers. Apparently these trees can survive this girdling and many of the them looked impossibly gnarled and ancient.

Our next passage was from Sardinia to Sicily, another three day affair and the longest hop of the trip. By now it was June and the summer doldrums were setting in, so we motor sailed most of the way. I had my first ever episode of sea sickness on this leg, and that on a glassy calm ocean! Though the day was windless, we did have subtle wave trains coming in from three directions and the erratic motion, coupled with the lack of any steady breeze on the rig, eventually wore me down. Give me a sailing wind any day.

So it was a relief when we sighted mountainous Sicily and chugged along its north shore into Palermo. This city was built around a tight natural harbor and we wound our way in past ancient sea walls and fortifications into the snugest of marinas. We felt proud of our boat handling skills after negotiating the twisting maze and making up into another Med moor until we noticed the 160' ketch tied up next to us! How they got that thing in there is still

a mystery to me. It turned out to belong to Sylvester Stallone, who was filming a movie locally and living aboard his yacht during the shooting. Some wag had even staked a plywood copy of the famous "Hollywood" sign on the dry foothills above town in honor of the big movie production.

Though Palermo was another interesting old walled town, I felt that it had been ruined by its transition to automobiles. The city was built of stone, centuries before anyone thought of infernal combustion, and was scaled for donkey carts and not the thousands of Fiats now zooming around. There was the usual fierce melee out on the streets, but my complaint was in their solution to the parking dilemma. The only open spaces left downtown were the beautiful wide stone sidewalks, and these were now choked with parked cars so that it was just about impossible to walk around and enjoy the sights. The place was ruined by its own affluence.

Happily, we did find some more pleasant towns as we coasted eastward along Sicily's north shore. Cefalu was built around an abundant spring of sweet water, right down on the shore, a perfect spot for a ship to fill it's casks. Termini-Immerse features a modern industrial port, built beneath a much older hilltop town. The place is capped with a wonderful piazza, perched on a bluff hundreds of feet above the sea and this terrace catches any breeze's moving on a sultry summer evening. Each night the entire town turns out, dressed to the nines, for their promenade and gelato. The proceedings start around 10pm and continue until well after midnight. Where in the US can octogenarians be seen strolling around, chatting and enjoying themselves, at 1am?

Departing Sicily, we ran down through the famous Straights of Messina, then hopped our way across the bottom of the boot described by southern Italy. This was the realm of the great city states where major trading ports had become powerful principalities a thousand years ago. Many of these towns now had a post apocalyptic feel with grand palaces and cathedrals gone to seed on every corner. Monopoly was one such place, with no tourists to speak of and not a soul

Monopoly. Evening in the harbor.



around who spoke English. The old town full of monumental stonework was still beautiful and waking up there, tied to the sea wall amidst the fishing fleet, felt like we were in a Renaissance painting.

This less touristy southern coast of Italy was dotted with some big EU funded projects, trying to revitalize the stagnant local economies. We stayed in a new artificial harbor in Reggio di Calabria with perhaps a kilometer of breakwaters defining slips for hundreds of boats. The project had never gotten finished as the locals failed to come up with their matching 10% of the funds and the Mafia embezzled much of the EU money. So there were floating docks but no water or power, but also no one around to collect any fees. We were the only yacht in the place and this multi million dollar harbor seemed to be for the benefit of a fleet of six old wooden trawlers. We could catch these salty characters each evening, looking scenic in their woolens and slickers, selling their catch from the sterns of 30' doubled ended wooden boats. Their entire catch consisted of small fish and would fit in to a couple of shoeboxes! These three man crews couldn't possibly have bought their Diesel fuel with what they were earning, so I'm sure the whole enterprise was heavily subsidized by more EU dollars.

We crossed from Crotona to the heel of the Italian boot, which is a particularly sunny and arid region. The ancient culture here had lived in stone igloos, called trulli, and the ruins of these still dot the countryside. There's now a culture of modern sun worshipers who are copying these structures with their vacation homes and building wonderful small getaways amongst the rocks. Rather than an ostentatious showplace, full of glass and air conditioning, these trulli style homes feature less than 300 square feet of interior space. Each home is surrounded by stone terraces and shade trellises and the concept is to live very simply and mostly outside. These structures of local materials blended in to the landscape beautifully and were about the first vacation homes I had ever approved of.

We eventually found ourselves in the bustling city of Brindisi, on the Adriatic coast of Italy, and waited here a couple of days to pick up my 18 year old daughter Kate. She had been touring Europe that summer and planned to sail with us for her last ten days abroad, after which we would fly home together.

Brindisi is a major ferry terminus with boats headed daily for Greece, Corfu and many other ports across the Adriatic. The outer harbor is protected by barrier islands, and funnels down into a couple of deep arms, that run right into down town, making the

spot ideal for ferry service. Unfortunately, this once prosperous place has fallen on hard times as the more upscale travelers now fly back and forth across the Adriatic, and the Brindisi ferries are left transporting the often threadbare travelers from eastern Europe and Africa. Street hustlers abound and it was a good place to keep a hand on our wallets.

We tied *Cookin* up to a stone bulkhead across the channel from downtown, in a Mussolini era park, complete with huge Italian flags and monumental art deco statuary 80' high. From there, we could watch the ferries come and go. The most spectacular were the sculpted high speed aluminum catamarans, powered with aircraft turbines, that looked for all the world like the Klingon "War Birds" of Star Trek. One of these monsters came up behind us at 35 knots as we approached the harbor and inspired us to step pretty lively getting out of its way.

In remarkable contrast, we also watched the local fishermen row their heavy 16' double enders out each day and catch small octopus with baited lines. No hooks were required as these starving creatures would grab on to anything remotely edible. The writhing beasts were then plucked from the bait and dispatched by grabbing all the tentacles in one hand and placing the head in the fisherman's mouth. A firm bite, right at the base of the body, seemed to dispatch the thing without breaking the skin.

The fishermen's rowing technique was unusual as well. They stood amidships with an oar pinned to each gunnel, one ahead of them and one behind. A gentle rocking motion of their bodies moved the boat with very little arm motion required. The heavy oars were feathered on the return stroke and never cleared the water. This was not a very powerful stroke but it made sense in the calm waters they worked, since standing gave them a better view of all that traffic and the bottom habitat.

Once Kate was aboard, the wind proceeded to blow against us for three more days so we killed the time by touristizing around, eating too well and drinking the local fresh wines. We found a merchant near our park whose stock was held in stainless 30 gallon vats and gravity dispensed through plastic tubing. This budget operation expected us to bring our own containers, and I remember scouring the trash bins for some two liter plastic pop bottles that would do the duty. This new wine was delightful stuff, only about 2% alcohol and very fruity. He offered several varieties of reds, whites and roses and his best stuff ran around 75 cents a liter! It was a little startling to watch my 18 year old

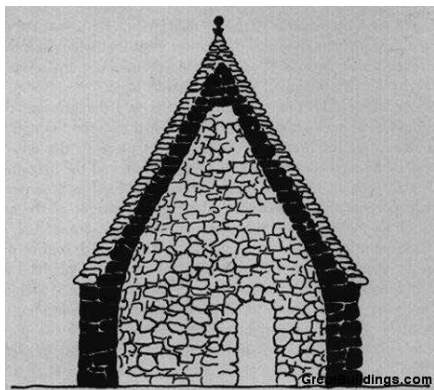
daughter put this stuff away with no apparent effect. The girl was clearly ready for college.

Our sailing trip ended not far north of here as flight reservations home from Venice had to be met. We coasted upwind along the Italian side of the Adriatic to the cathedral towns of Bari and then Trani. From there, Kate and I caught a train north to Venice and, after a couple days wandering around this high point of western civilization, we flew home. Or rather, tried to. The trip turned into a long wait on the benches in Orly. Air France didn't want to officially cancel our flight and have to put us up in expensive Paris hotels (which were all full anyway). So they "delayed" the flight for 24 hours and we eventually departed in the same time slot the next day. Almost enough to make us wish we were crossing the Atlantic in a small boat.

The moral of the story? Well, if there is one, it's that the more adventures one gets involved in, the more opportunities will arise for further adventures. Fellow voyagers will often point towards great places and sometimes they'll even invite you to come along on their trips.

It was really pleasant for me not to be captain for once, with the myriad of small concerns constantly nagging at me. Dave, with his greater voyaging experience, taught me some good tricks for crossing oceans and keeping watches, simple things like using an egg timer to wake up the crew on watch every ten minutes, so that they can scan the horizon for shipping. He also helped me break the racing traditions of my sailing youth and quit tweaking the sheets every minute for maximum performance. The big thing was to be sure the boat got there in one piece.

He also taught me to forget about radar reflectors, or the notion that a big ship might swerve around us. *Cookin* was sporting a homemade reflector on her Atlantic crossing, and they had hailed each of the 12 ships sighted between Bermuda and the Azores. They wanted to know how strong their radar image was. Of the six vessels who even responded to the VHF, none had their radar turned on! The answer was always "Give me a minute to warm the set up and we'll tell you." So it's every man for himself out there and keeping a good watch is vital.



Octopus hunter rows home in Brindisi.



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"Is that an Albin?" We would hear that from three individuals on this, our first real cruise in the *Du Nord*, a Diesel powered Albin-25 built in Sweden in 1976. The fellow strolling into our Thunder Bay KOA campsite was merely the first. We had been two hours away from our destination at Nipigon, Ontario, and also two hours away from sunset. When we passed the KOA, I proposed that we spend the night there and launch in the morning, when we would be fresh, but where to turn our rig around? Just then a wide spot appeared in the road, a wide arc of paved shoulder mirrored by another on the opposite side. We later learned that these "wide spots in the road" are turnarounds for snow plows.

Our visitor told us that he lived at the KOA for six months each year so he could be near his grandchildren and sail out of Thunder Bay. The other six months he wintered in Florida. He inquired whether I had a chart, and I quickly spread one across the picnic table. I pointed to several likely anchorages along the south shores of St Ignace Island, facing Lake Superior, in answer to his, "Where do you plan to go?" He replied, "Well, those are all the best places. Your only problem will be not being able to resist returning next year."

"Be sure to stop here, it's called CPR Slip." He told us it was originally a fish camp built by the Canadian Pacific Railroad in the early 1900s for entertaining important guests. Later, they more or less abandoned it after the fishing died out. Then some volunteers in Thunder Bay got permission to rebuild the camp with new piers, a couple of new buildings and new latrines. "You'll be welcomed there."

"I hope my next boat is an Albin just like yours. A nice cruising motorboat was what I had in mind when I decided to get into boating, but all my friends urged me to get a sailboat, instead." One of those friends in Thunder Bay owns an Albin-25 Motor Sailer.

The KOA campsite was the first test away from home for our dog Ginger's new "staircase." Earlier I had planned to haul her aboard using a tackle fastened to her personal flotation device, one with good support for her belly, not just a couple of straps. However, when watching her at home tearing up and down our stairs with ease, the idea of a staircase for the boat seemed like a much better idea. Besides, it's more convenient than a 6' ladder for Gayle and me, too.

I used a lightweight aluminum extension ladder for the frame, bolted the halves together with rungs staggered at a 45° attitude, then added larger stair treads made of 3/4" cedar. At the top, one side hooks onto the rub rail

Ginger's staircase.



Lifelong Sailor Switches to a Motor Vessel

By Moby Nick Scheur

while the other side is supported by a vertical post. The ladder's position relative to the hull is reversible, fore 'n aft, as well as adaptable either port or starboard, depending on the site. How does Ginger like it? As with most things, she cooperates eagerly. The ladder is transported under the boat on the trailer.

I've been messing around in boats since I was five years old. A story in *MAIB* some 30 years ago told how a friend and I found a derelict plywood dinghy on Chicago's Touhy Ave Beach. A subsequent *MAIB* article told how, when I was age ten, my father and I rebuilt the dinghy as a sailboat, the *Nipper*. One thing Dad taught my brothers and I from the very first was that sailboats and canoes were far superior to motorboats.

My family has cruised waters all over the US in the Shearwater Yawl *True North* and before that in the Dovekie *Pilgrim Pelican*, starting in 1982. One of my brothers owns a Compac-23, another races radio controlled model sloops. My son Dave has had a Hobie-16. One of my daughters has owned a couple of sailboats, the other belonged to a sailing program at graduate school. *Du Nord* truly represents a watershed departure from a lot of history for me.

I once lived in Duluth for a year, a year of lasting memories of that grand city, so a rest stop overlooking Lake Superior was a must.

Approaching Nipigon, I wondered whether evidence of the Holling Clancy Holling children's book *Paddle to the Sea* would be evident in the town of Nipigon along the Nipigon River. Indeed it is, they have a Paddle to the Sea walking trail which leads through town and down to a riverfront park. That book was a family favorite for my three children. It tells of an Ojibwa boy who learns about the St Lawrence Seaway in school and undertakes to carve a foot long wooden model of a canoe and paddler, which he launches in a creek flowing into Lake Nipigon near his village, certain it will "paddle to the sea." Various people along the Seaway find the little wooden canoe and put it back in the water. One such person adds an engraved metal nameplate because the original carved note on the bottom of the canoe was badly weathered. Much later, years maybe, a deckhand on a fishing vessel in the North Atlantic extracts the little wooden canoe from their net and reads "Paddle to the Sea, Nipigon, Ontario" on the engraving.

Dave and I once made a crude model of our own Paddle to the Sea. We nailed an aluminum plate to the bottom identifying our home in Michigan City, Indiana, and threw it into Lake Michigan. A year or so later someone phoned from 40 miles west to say they'd found our "Paddle to the Sea."

In Nipigon they sell plastic recreations of Paddle to the Sea and, of course, I had to bring one home. The sketch by the title of this tale will give you some idea.

The launch fee at the park was more than fair, with no extra charge for a week's parking for our truck and trailer. I enjoyed

seeing the Cessna-172 floatplane in the parking lot, typical Canada.

Our 35hp Volvo-Penta Diesel purring under our feet, we struck out south, across the west end of Nipigon Bay, bound for CPR Slip on the far side of St Ignace Island, tucked around a corner sheltered from Lake Superior. Too late we realized that our course through Blind Channel might not be deep enough for the Albin's 26" draft, with water depth noted in meters there appeared to be a lot of zeroes all over the channel. Old habits engrained over 18 years of cruising in the Shearwater Yawl, *True North* with her 6" draft, simply must change. At one point we slowed to a creep, rocky bottom in plain sight, employing our boat hook as a sounding pole. We never touched, close, but no "bump." Fortunately our 16" prop is well protected in an aperture between skeg and rudder. Still, a steel ring, similar to the ringed cages found under lobster boats would be welcome. It might even feature a foil section in order to minimize drag.

The Albin's single screw had been one of my objectives instead of a steerable prop as with an outboard motor or I-O when selecting a motor vessel. Ever since witnessing the way lobstermen in Maine make their boats fairly dance, I've wanted to try my hand at it. Now that I've had some practice, I no longer approach a pier in trepidation. I'm getting better.

CPR Slip was everything our friend in Thunder Bay had promised. Worshipers in attendance when we arrived included a large catamaran, a tri and a pair of motor vessels we discovered to be typical in these waters, converted steel fishing trawlers of about 40' LOA. One was powered by the same engine we have in our Dodge truck, a 5.9liter Cummins Diesel. Their skippers do not sport gold chains around their necks. After we tied up to a vacant pier, one of them walked over to give us a rundown on the facilities.

CPR Slip is a long, narrow, "slip like" cove described by a narrow peninsula forming a "hook" parallel to the shore of St Ignace Island. The outermost one third is more or less devoid of vegetation like the trees and bush flourishing on the inner portion. As it seemed to consist of stone similar to railroad track ballast, it must have been built by the CP. Gayle wondered how that might be accomplished in this remote area. I pointed out that if the CP main line was only 15 miles away and if they could build a railroad through the Canadian Rockies, lengthening this peninsula would be just a walk in the park. Several barges full of stone, a steam shovel to unload them with and teams of horses to grade it all would be common materials employed by the CP every day. A flagpole flying the Maple Leaf Flag stands proud at the end of the peninsula.

Our next two days motoring east along the Lake Superior side of the islands describing Nipigon Bay found the often boisterous lake as benign as I have ever seen her. The anchorage in McNab Harbor at the SE end of St Ignace was one of delightful solitude and calm. The cove featured a tight entrance from the lake, deep enough, but one wherein we actually had to pay close attention when navigating the entrance. We all enjoyed a long walk around the stony shore, collecting a few prime pieces of driftwood for mounting my bird carvings.

A stop at Battle Island to see the lighthouse offered another lesson in Albin-25 vs Shearwater Yawl. For a number of years we'd



CPR slip.

been using low cost, colorful, $\frac{3}{8}$ " braided polypropylene as our dinghy tow line. It has always floated satisfactorily, however, when backing for another try at the small pier in the cove, *Du Nord's* big prop somehow snagged the line, bringing the Volvo-Penta MD-17C to an abrupt stop. The silence was deafening. We had shortened the towline as we approached Little Lake Harbor on the north side of the island, but had neglected to bring our dinghy, *Due South*, right up alongside after passing inside. The line we had in the water either sank or our 16" screw churning with authority under a hit of reverse git go pulled down an errant loop. Either way, the *Du Nord* wasn't going anywhere.

When cruising the Maine coast in our Shearwater, the *True North*, we had fouled the prop of our 9.9-hp Yamaha-HT on lobster trap warps a number of times. The combination of our "Yammerhammer's" comparatively large,



McNab Harbor.



A benign day on Lake Superior.

Battle Island lighthouse.



slow turning prop, the massive size of the stiff warps and the motor's rubber bushing instead of a shear pin, all contributed to a not very serious situation. I would merely tilt up the motor, step into the motor well and unwrap the warp. Occasionally I would have to get into our dinghy and go around astern for better access. We never had to cut a trap warp.

This was different. First, the line was a limber $\frac{3}{8}$ " braid. Second, there was no "rubber slip bushing" on our massive 16" prop. Lastly, the Volvo Penta had wound the towline up real tight before it stalled. The only good thing about the situation was that I had recently added a swim platform and a good folding ladder to the stern of our Albin. They would prove indispensable. In the water, I could just barely reach the fouled prop with my right hand while hanging onto the starboard side of the swim platform with my left. A few times I dove under for a look with bare eyeballs. The sharpest small knife we had aboard, which wouldn't be missed if lost, was a paring knife from the galley. A 45 minute stint in the cold water, followed by a

second 20 minute workout, was required by me to cut away the towline. I had long planned to outfit our previous boat with a diving mask, but had procrastinated. Within a week of returning home I finally bought a mask, along with a pair of fins.

The town of Rosspoint lies only a couple of miles north on the mainland. The harbor was quiet, the only activity on the municipal pier was a 40 something charter sport fisherman with SCUBA gear spread all over the vicinity. There was a skipper, of course, and a mate, along with a party of four who told us they were planning a dive over the *Gunhilda* the next day. They went on to explain that the *Gunhilda* was a 195' luxury yacht belonging to an executive of Standard Oil which had struck a rock and sank not far away. Apparently the salvage effort cost more than the owner wanted to pay after the vessel slipped off the rock and plummeted to as depth of 298'. The *Gunhilda* is a popular destination, though at that depth she is not suitable for the average recreational diver.

Later that evening, back it the Albin following our meal in a "Mediterranean style" restaurant called the Serendipity Gardens, a fellow strolled toward us and introduced himself, Ned, proprietor of the Rosspoint Inn overlooking the west side of the harbor. When a light rain prompted a move, we invited Ned aboard for a glass of wine. A keen wit emerged, he asked if we knew Obama. (Illinois registration evident on the *Du Nord*.) "No," then we asked "where is everyone? We saw only two other boats out on the water all day."

Ned said, "there used to be more Americans, but not anymore, we don't let them bring their guns, eh?" As he departed, he told us he serves a fine cup of coffee up at the Inn if we'd care to walk up in the morning.

Next morning, in the parlor of the Rosspoint Inn, we saw framed photos of the *Gunhilda* on the wall (before she sank) along with other depictions of area history. The inn had originally been built by the CPR, whose active track runs along the shore right in front of the Inn. The coffee was indeed outstanding.

As we motored slowly out of the harbor we passed Ned's Cape Dory-27 riding on her mooring beneath the inn, the flag of Texas flying from her starboard shroud. What? Texas? Well, that's Ned, for ya. We were very glad to have experienced the charms of Rossport, though we still wondered why so few shared our view.



At the Rossport Inn.

Intermittent rain fell on our 15 mile passage west through the length of Nipigon Bay toward Red Rock. Instead of being unpleasant, it gave our Albin a chance to show us how dry and comfortable she could be in such circumstances.

Red Rock, at the mouth of the Nipigon River, has a great marina which we found filled to about 5% of capacity. Again, where were all the boats? We tied to a powerful runabout named *Police*, hoping for a bit of extra security when we would leave the *Du Nord* for a walk or something. The marina services building also serves as a community center and included a small natural history museum. The café served a nice Wall-eye dinner that evening.

It was there that Gayle and I decided to rename our Albin the *Du Nord* (French for "of the North") instead of *Nord Stjerne* (Norwegian for North Star) in recognition of the waters we most love cruising. The later name was proving too difficult for anyone to pronounce properly, the "st" usually more or less



Red Rock Marina.

silent. Besides, *Du Nord* offered obvious alliteration with the name on our CLC Chesapeake Pram, *Due South*, as had delightfully been the case with our Shearwater Yawl, *True North*.

Next morning it was just a short jaunt up the Nipigon River to the ramp at Nipigon. Along the way we searched closely under a high bluff on the east shore for some Ojibwa pictographs our cruising guide tells about, but failed to spot them. With so many other cruisers having eschewed the array of charms to be encountered in these waters, the ramp was not crowded. Only one other boat was launched while we secured the *Du Nord* on her trailer. I poured the five gallons of Diesel fuel we had lashed to our bow rail into the truck for the trip home.

We found *Superior Way, Third Edition*, by Bonnie Dahl, to be very helpful and accurate, with just a couple of exceptions explained simply by the way things change in the communities described therein. I like the way the spiral binding permits any page to lie flat on our "nav table" by the helm.

On the road south, our objective was Gooseberry Falls, however, their campground had been filled to capacity since early afternoon (no surprise). The ranger kindly gave us a list of alternate campgrounds in the vicinity, including phone numbers. The first we called, located a bit north of Duluth, still had a couple of sites open and promised to save one for us.

On the subject of roads, and towing, we found the roads between northern Illinois and Nipigon to be very good, the only bumpy link being a half hour section up by Grand Marais, Minnesota. The Albin's trailer

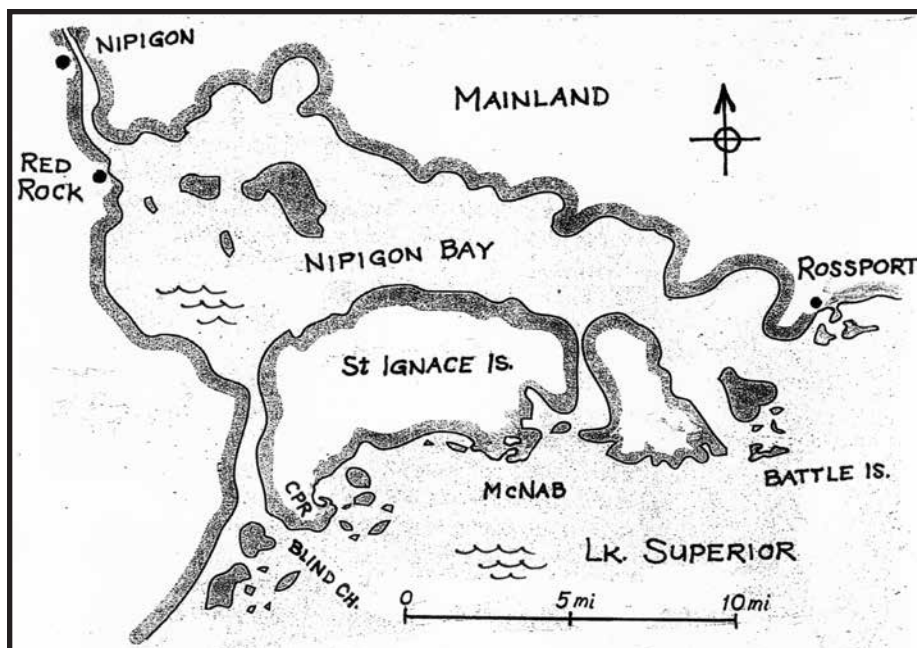
performed well, the prior owner having bought it new just a couple of years before our purchase. At 5,500lbs the trailer GVW is some 1,500lbs greater than that for our 28' Shearwater Yawl, which we towed all across North America for 18 years. However, that still amounts to less than half what our 1993 Dodge 250 Diesel is rated for. The new trailer is both stronger and stiffer than our Shearwater trailer, so the net result is more worry free towing. Our truck's 5.9L Cummins Diesel is




Rest stop in Duluth.

equipped with a dual fuel system which runs on waste vegetable oil on trips such as this, greatly reducing travel expense.

When we arrived at the campground, the proprietor came out of his office to greet us with "is that an Albin-25? I cruised all over Lake Superior in one of those! They can sure stand up to some rough water!" Good for a couple of newbies to hear, eh? Turned out he had a magnificent 40' something schooner out behind his office which was getting close to launch. A new pair of masts had just recently arrived. Rolling home to Rockford, we enjoyed plenty of "warm fuzzies" concerning the motorboat we had chosen to replace our beloved Shearwater Yawl, *True North*.





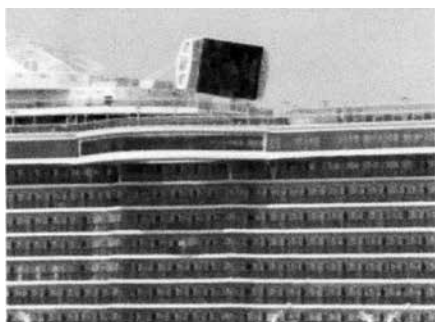
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Georgetown, Great Exuma, April 24: Regatta Time in Georgetown, the bands are playing (really loudly) conchy conch fritters frying and a party atmosphere all throughout town. It has been quite a while since we last sent a letter as Rodger still has computer problems and we have been at more remote places where wifi is scarce.

We sailed from Cape Eleuthera past a huge ugly cruise ship anchored off the south end of the island, ferrying guests from the ship to the beach and back. If one wanted to stay on board there was a huge movie screen on the top deck and one could lounge in the sun and watch a movie. A nice way to spend time in the beautiful Bahamas.



We sailed on past Little San Salvador where another cruise ship, vying for the ugly boat award, was anchored off that beach. The water there was a spectacular colour of royal blue. We were on our way to Cat Island, a narrow, 40 mile long island, Sidney Poitier was from here, although he was born in Miami. The first anchorage was just south of Alligator Point, in white sand. We spent a quiet night, gently moving to a small swell. After a walk and swim in the morning, we sailed down the coast investigating the shallow bays, caves in the rocks and sandy beaches. There was a lot of hurricane damage with downed trees and the main highway running north to south was also partly washed away and major work was being done to repair it.



Our next stop was Fernandez Bay, a perfect half moon shaped sandy bay where we met up with friends from Newport, Steve and Barbara. They spend months in the Bahamas tagging turtles and documenting size, weight, marks on the shell, or flippers, where found and whether or not they have been tagged before. All this data goes to the Archie Carr Center for Sea Turtle Restoration in Florida <http://accstr.ufl.edu/>. Steve has been doing this for many years and we were lucky enough to get invited to go on a "Turtle Frolic," as I call it. We would take the small motorboat and go up the creeks and look for turtles. One day we had 22 to document, many had been tagged before. They are caught either by a net or someone goes into the water and waits

Letter from *Presto!*

By Patty Marshall

above them until they come up for air, or they are jumped and caught that way.



Steve and Barbara make sure that they interest the local kids and have them go out on the boat with them. In the last several years there are noticeably more turtles around everywhere.

There was just *Presto!* and *Foxy Lady* in Fernandez Bay, both Rhode Island boats, until we saw a familiar looking boat sail in. It was the Aerodyne 47 *Ariel*, also registered in Rhode Island, so Patty joked that statistically two out of three boats in Cat Island are designed by RMDesign! We had happy days with the crews of the three boats.

In Cat Island there is a Hermitage built by Father Jerome, a Catholic priest, who built this amazing replica of a European Hermitage in miniature on the tallest hill in the Bahamas (208'). We hitched a ride from Fernandez Bay to New Bight and then walked up the hill. From afar it looks like a full size building and very far away, but a half mile walk brought us to the bottom of the hill and we walked by the Stations of the Cross which Father Jerome carved in the rock, and up to this amazing building with a tiny chapel, a sleeping cell, kitchen and well. After his death, people have been maintaining the building, some by painting, some by repairing the stonework, roofs, etc. Of course, the view is an amazing 360°.



We then got a lift back from some Americans who spend the winter in Cat Island. The driver was from Texas and she said that the other day she gave a Bahamian a lift and then laughed, "Here I was alone in my car and giv-

ing a lift to a black man with a machete, where else would you do this?" The Bahamas is certainly a special place with very special people.

We spent a week at Cat Island and our next stop was Georgetown as that was the direction the wind was blowing! We were also meeting up with Rodger's brother, his sister-in-law, niece and nephew in Emerald Bay. Peter Martin, the nephew, runs *Ariosa*, a 130' Westport and had his parents and sister for a ten day visit. We wanted to meet them in *Presto!* but the seas were big and it was windy so we decided to stay in Georgetown in a sheltered harbour and rented a scooter for the day and drove up. It must have been quite a sight, two old people on one scooter!! We had a great time with the family, albeit too short. Rodger had not seen his brother for seven years so it was a real treat, incredible to meet in the Bahamas of all places.



After that, we stocked up for a cruise to the Jumentos Cays, which are south of Exuma, mostly uninhabited remote islands, not on the usual cruisers' agenda, but Rodger had wanted to go there since we sailed by in 1980 on our trip to the San Blas Islands. Thirty-four years later we went. First to Flamingo Cay for two days, crossing the tropic of Cancer, close to Hog Cay Cut. There was a full moon that night, a big orange globe rising in the east. Here as usual there are beautiful white sand beaches, a cave that one can dinghy into with "skylights" in the roof and crystal clear water, magical.



We had three remoras shading themselves under *Presto!*, rays swimming around in the shallows and lots of birds singing in the bushes. We were surprised at how green the islands were and attributed it to only having local flora which would be drought resistant and a couple of salt ponds behind the beaches.

After Flamingo Cay, we sailed back to Water Cay, a very narrow island, slit in two at high tide. Ospreys, whales, rays and a shark which cruised by in the evening. We only spent a day there as we wanted to get back to Georgetown for the regatta which was starting in a couple of days.

The sail on the way back was great and we made good time, dolphins came and played around the bow, we caught the high tide through Hog Cay Cut, which only has 3.5' over the bar at low tide, in fact, there was quite a traffic jam as other boats appeared taking advantage of the tide. *Presto!* sailed all the

way through the cut, maybe the first sailboat to sail this tricky cut since the days of the old fishing smacks, and on up the island and into Georgetown. This trip we have been lucky as we have the solar panel to charge the batteries and the wind has been excellent for sailing so we have not used the engine that much.



More about the regatta, this is raced with three to four classes of locally built, wooden sloops, only wooden spars, cotton sails and Bahamian sailors. Many of the boats arrived last Easter Monday on a freighter from Nassau, more than 20 were loaded, along with motorbikes, cars, trucks and sundry items and a crane. The boats were launched with the crane over the side and then towed to their anchorage. Quite a chaotic scene, most of the people handling the boats seemed to have no idea of which way they should pull a dock line, fenders were a rare item and consequently there was a bit of shouting here and there. More boats arrived on Tuesday.

The races started yesterday with the smaller boats sailing first, then the next class and finally the A class sloops racing in the late afternoon as the start had been delayed for lack of wind. *Tida Wave* from Staniel Cay in the Exuma Chain is the winningest boat, she just took off and left everyone behind. Yesterday we sailed *Presto!* alongside the course, keeping well clear of the racing boats. We watched again today with friends on their SA built catamaran and the A class racing was spectacular and close under a brooding sky in about 12kts of breeze. The photo finish between *Running Tide* (Long Island) and *Tida Wave* (Staniel Cay) was the closest our hosts had seen in 15 years of watching this regatta.



In the next day or two we will be leaving here and hot footing it to Ft Lauderdale, the haulout and the trek north.



Presto 30

Rodger Martin Yacht Design

History

In 2007 Outward Bound commissioned Rodger Martin Design to design a replacement for their aging wooden 30' school boats, which led to the design and construction of the Outward Bound Hurricane Island 30, of which half a dozen of a projected 15 have been built to date.

In Spring 2009 two of these 30' open boats, powered only by sail and oar, were sailed 2,500 miles from Florida to Maine in 50 days with stops along the way to raise awareness for OB's Sea Program! Popular interest in these obviously capable boats led to Ryder Boats commissioning Rodger Martin Design to create a completely new trailerable sharpie for them to build and market.

If you're interested in capable shoal draft boats you might read Commodore Ralph Munroe's *The Commodore's Story: The Early Days on Biscayne Bay*, a captivating book about lifelong experiences sailing and designing innumerable, highly successful sharpies during Florida's early development as a "Winter Haven." The inherent common sense and safety offered by these designs has been well known for 150 years and only racing rules and changing fashion have obscured their once wide popularity.

'Presto' alludes to the famous, fast and able 1885 design by Commodore Munroe, of the same name and represents a flared, round bottomed, beachable hull with a flattened bottom for taking the ground and well shaped ends for wave penetration forward and reduced drag at the stern. These boats are simple, easy to sail, well balanced and fast for their size!

Sharpie Characteristics

The Presto 30 is designed to be trailerable and beachable, thus the very shoal draft (13"/330mm) and the smooth, clean bottom. The hull is lightweight and relatively narrow, both factors reducing drag. Ballast is internal lead built into the bottom and the split rig is used for maneuverability and for its low (as in close to the water) heeling effect. The combination of a low heeling force from an efficient sail plan and a light, slim, low drag hull make these boats fast and very controllable reaching and running. The deep, high performance centreboard and rudder help the boat go upwind effectively, very nearly as high and fast as a good sloop rig.

The split rig is self tacking. Crack off 5°-10° and a boat of this size will outsail keel sloops quite a bit longer! This sail plan doesn't need expensive and difficult to set spinnakers to sail at breakaway speeds off the wind. If wanted, a light mizzen staysail can be set between the masts and a drifter set at the end of a removable bowsprit but these sails are not needed for normal fast sailing. The sealed, lightweight, free standing, carbon fibre masts fit within the length of the boat for trailering and, at under 40lbs (18kg) can be stepped or struck by two people.

Safety and Stability

The Presto 30™ has a Limit of Positive Stability (LPS) of 145°. This includes the righting effects of her deck, cockpit, deckhouse and sealed carbon fibre masts. With actual capsize tests done on the Outward

Bound HI 30s, it is very hard to capsize and hold these boats down! If you run aground in the Presto 30, pull the centreboard up a bit and sail off. If you run aground on a falling tide, and lifting the board and rudder only allow you to go further aground, simply keep them both all the way up and she will settle on her flat bottom. The usual principles of prudent seamanship apply and one should try to avoid doing this on a lee or rocky/reefy shore! On a boat fitted with an engine you could use it to motor into deeper water if depth allows. A keelboat in a similar situation will soon be stuck aground, lying at an uncomfortable and vulnerable angle!

An inlet with unmarked rocks or shifting sandbars can be fatal for a keelboat if it runs aground. Hitting an unseen hazard in a sharpie merely kicks the board by the obstacle. Once past the obstacle the board drops to its previous depth.

Any sailboat can capsize, and although unsinkable, the Presto 30™ is not exempted. As explained above, because of her relatively narrow hull and high freeboard the Presto 30™ has a theoretical limit of positive stability (LPS) (hull to the sheer only) of 103° degrees and a "real world" limit of stability (i.e., including deckhouse, cockpit and spars) of 145°!

Construction

The Presto 30™ is built for families and racers. The vinylester, resin infused Corecell hull is engineered to be both lightweight and tough. Racers will appreciate the state of the art laminate when every pound counts and families can let novice sailors take the helm knowing that the hull can take beaching and minor grounding without permanent damage. Both sailors will appreciate the blister proof bottom.

Presto 30's Layout

Cockpit: The Presto 30™ has a huge cockpit that is 10'6" (3.2m) long! The cockpit seats are over 7'6" long for comfortable sleeping and there is plenty of space for a full family or group of friends, secure inside the high cockpit coaming, for sailing or dining. There is a generous cockpit locker on each side. The port cockpit locker fits an Igloo cooler, while the starboard locker holds the fuel tank for an optional outboard motor in the well behind the deckhouse.

The after part of the cockpit is open for stowing a folded inflatable dinghy and is private for sunbathing and a good place to clean fish or use a Sun Shower. A transom door which can drop down to become a swimming platform with an attached ladder is an option. Tiller steering is standard and wheel steering is available.

Interior: The cabin top has an optional Sky-Top that can be raised at anchor to give 6'6" headroom throughout the main areas of the interior. This allows 360° visibility and excellent ventilation. Optional fly screens can be fitted for buggy conditions or clear plastic snap on windows for rainy weather. Once below, 6'6" long settee/berths to port and starboard are standard. There is a fold up table on the starboard side as an option. Another option is a galley to port as you enter the cabin. This slides away under the cockpit when not in use.

Forward of the saloon/galley area, the standard interior provides room for a Port-a-Potti head under the V berth, with a sink to port and a hanging locker to starboard.

Optionally, a plumbed head is fitted to port with a curtain closure across to the hanging locker to starboard. A curtain between the head/hanging locker and the V berth can also be provided. Forward of the V berth is a watertight bulkhead which also supports the foremast.

Optional Engine Systems

While the boat doesn't require a motor there are several options for mounting one.

With the retractable outboard option a 9.9hp high thrust outboard is mounted in a well behind the cabin and can be lowered to power the boat. When down, a fairing above the cavitation plate closes off the well for efficiency, when the outboard is raised by a tackle a fairing below the outboard's skeg makes for a flush hull. Engine controls are remotely located on the cockpit side in the conventional manner.

A second option is a Torqued Cruise R Electric Outboard with power equivalent to a 9.9hp gas outboard. This is lowered and raised like the gas engine.

A third option is a small, transom hung outboard.

Deckhouse and Foredeck

To go forward from the cockpit you can either move down the narrow side deck, holding onto the handrail on the deckhouse or, if weather is rough, go through the cabin and get to the foremast or bow via the forehatch. Another alternative is to step on the coaming up to the cabin top and go forward that way with the sprit or wishbone as a handhold.

The Sail Plan

Presto 30™ has two types of sail available. Standard: Traditional, triangular sharpie sails, with wet lay up, braided carbon sprits and masts, as used on the Outward Bound HI 30s. These spars are made by Forte Composites. This sail plan has 320sf the main and fore.

Performance Option: Square topped sails by North Sails, with Hill Spars prepreg masts with wishbone booms. Wishbones are used for the powerful vang effect needed to control the twist (power) of the square topped sails. This sail plan has 400sf in the main and fore.

A staysail can be set between the masts for added reaching power.

Why two masts? The two masts allow more maneuvering and balance control than a sloop rig on any point of sail and, when reefed, provide very stable steering. The fact that the sails are small (185sf and 205sf) (17.2m and 19m) and low generates more driving power than heeling force which helps keep the boat on its feet.

All sail controls can be run aft to the cockpit.

Centreboard and Rudder

The Presto 30™ fiberglass centreboard and rudder are essential to the safety and function of these boats. The basic tenet is that if you can reduce the area of the sails (reef) you should be able reduce the area of the keel. It is logical that when caught in unpredictable rough weather, as long as there is sea room (or lake room) to leeward, partially lifting the centreboard to reduce its area will

allow the boat to slide easily to leeward without tripping over a deep rooted fixed keel.

The board also makes these boats practical cruisers by allowing easy launching and retrieval by trailer. The board is lifted and lowered by a 5:1 tackle with the tail coming to the cockpit.

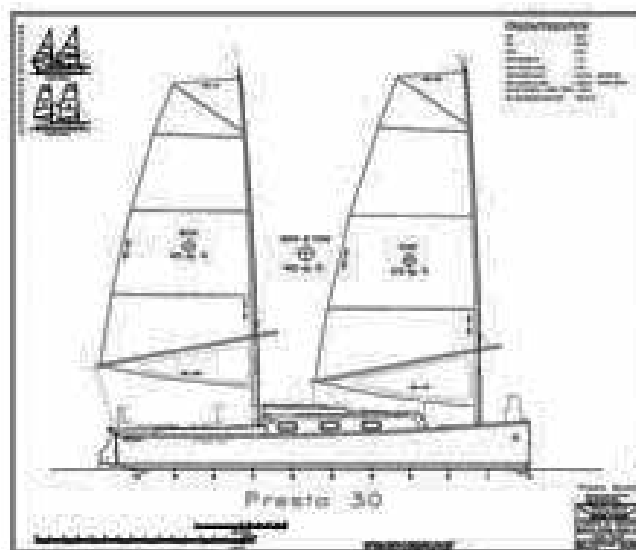
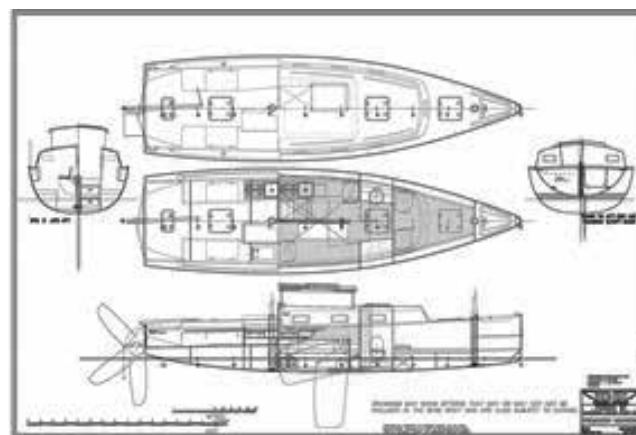
The rudder has both up and down lines located on the tiller.

Summary

The Presto 30™ is ideal for sailors ranging from novice to experienced. It is ideal for any sailor looking for a fast, versatile 30' boat and is particularly attractive to kayakers, canoeists, board and kite sailors who want to share the adventure with their families. The cruising package allows you to explore further while providing comfortable accommodations. The economy of not being tied to a boatyard for launching, hauling, maintenance or storage is a great attraction. The 8.5' (2.6m) beam means the boat is trailerable in all 50 states without permits, which opens up a variety of cruising grounds unavailable to any other boat in its comfort and performance level.

The Presto 30™ is a new interpretation of a classic sailboat for an independent generation of sailors unencumbered by the trappings of yachting and its expensive, complicated, high maintenance boats requiring deep water docks and costly marina services.

For further information go to <http://www.rodgermartindesign.com/portfolio/presto-30/>



Just too Good to Share

By Dan Rogers

Today was one of those days. You know the kind. One of those days just made for not doing what you are “supposed” to be doing, for not going where you are “supposed” to be going. A day just made for being on the water. The only thing I can’t quite figure out is how EVERYBODY else went to work, stayed at home, mowed the lawn even? Anyhow, this is how I spent much of May 19.

Then there was today. See what I mean? Nobody else.

After I didn’t finish the porch repairs, and after I didn’t even start staining the back fence, and before I didn’t order gravel to be laid on our entrance road, I was SUPPOSED to take a purpose driven boat trip up Priest Lake. I was “supposed to” take more pictures of the various anchorages, beaches and campgrounds we’re gonna use during the September Movable Messabout. Those pictures, that I didn’t take, were supposed to be posted on the website. C’est la vie.

Don’t get me completely wrong. I wasn’t completely irresponsible. There was the matter of picking a launch ramp. The Pend Oreille River runs right past our town of Newport, Washington. It connects the biggest lake in Idaho with the Columbia River system. But there is the not so small matter of a bunch of dams here and there. And what with lots of white stuff still up in the mountains, and lots of late spring rain, the powers that be have opened lots of gates along the way. The river is close and pretty convenient for somebody like me, who is just sort of looking for a place to launch without a lot of driving and without a lot of fanfare. But it’s still a real live river and some places are not quite so conducive to solo launching a skittish little pretend tugboat.

The first place I went, the current was simply rippin’. Looking down the steep ramp from way up at the top, things seemed pretty mellow. And EMPTY, of course. But then I took a closer look and understood what all the absenteeism was about. So *Shenanigan* and I excused ourselves and moved a few miles upstream. Less current and still NO PEOPLE.

I called Kate and convinced her to stop doing what she was supposed to be doing and drive up to the top of the river and meet me for lunch. That gave me about a 20nm jaunt each way. Mostly just lazing along. Sometimes running her up to 20 knots or more. Absolutely no place to go and all day to not get there, if the need should arise.

As it turns out, I was right on time and Kate was a bit late. Didn’t matter, the restaurant was closed. No people. No boats, either except for this rather conspicuous exception. Conspicuous. But nobody home aboard there either.

Anyhow, next time you have a hankerin’ to just drop what you are supposed to be doing and just take your boat down and put her in the water, may you be just as lucky as I was today. After all, some things are just too good to share.





Reports of Interest from the Delaware River Chapter TSCA

Last year we spent a week around Tilghman Island in the spring. We had planned to head for the Outer Banks but the weather was bad in Carolina and good at the upper Chesapeake. This year we didn't have the time to go south, so we trailered, tented and day sailed at Janes Island State Park near Crisfield, Maryland. It made a great base with hot showers after a couple of days of boom tent camping at Smith Island, Tangier and further north in the Manokin River. We are regulars there, the rangers like our wooden boats, and the ramp and the little marina are both a great help. There are also good restaurants in Crisfield. The main thing is that Tangier Sound is just full of sailing destinations.

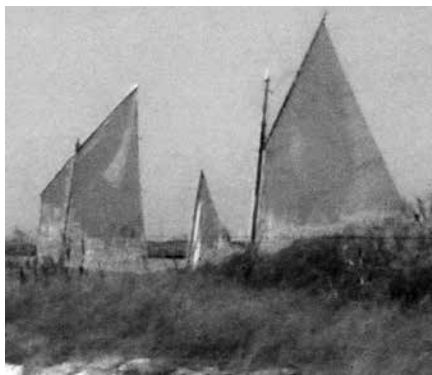
This is our fairly typical itinerary for a long weekend. The team was Kevin MacDonald and his catboat, Peter Gottlund and his Caledonian Yawl and me in my Haven 12½. Our first day was out past Crisfield, across to Smith Island through Big Thorofare by Ewell, then out into the Bay, and north through Kedges Straight, past Solomons Lump, across Tangier Sound and into Daugherty Creek Canal.

Over the winter I had sent my mainsail to Stuart Hopkins for a second set of reef points and I was happy I did. For many gaff sloops, the sailmakers only put in one reef, maybe figuring that one could drop the jib as the next step after the first reef, but one needs the jib when tacking. Two days out of three I really needed that deep reef. It was mild enough in the morning but blowing quite briskly in the afternoon. I could have scandalized the gaff but that wouldn't have worked going to windward. With two reefs and the Haven's tiny jib, she was steady going to windward and quick in stays.

In the morning we would drive to Crisfield and look over the conditions from the Smith Island Ferry Dock. We would ask the skippers about conditions when they came in. One friendly skipper was the eponymous Captain Tyler of the *Captain Tyler* out of Tylertown. Another skipper is his brother, so we won't wait around for a chance to get his job. We asked him about his choice of engines, they are all John Deere men. Thinking about the wind this time of year, I asked

Tangier Sound in Early April

By Mike Wick



what VHF frequencies he guarded, and he told me the best channel was 78. He had seen us sailing through Ewell the day before and assured me that he would keep an eye out for us. That is always good to know.

This second day we headed across Big Annemessex River toward Hazard Cove, then upriver. The problem is that the river is wide at the entrance and narrows quickly. Any wind from the west quickly piles up a slop in the shallow river. Once again, the wind picked up quick in the afternoon so I ducked into Colbourn to tie in my reef. I blessed Stuart's good work, my swivel cam mainsheet and the lead ballast in the keel. It was only a few miles to home but we were taking spray and having to feather the main in the gusts. We tried to play the southern shore but it is shallow and speckled with islands which prevented us from finding much lee. We got home OK but were glad to get back to the canal.

We drove to a crabhouse in Crisfield for some of their really fresh seafood. I had a flounder filet sandwich that was delicious alongside a couple of beers and the rest of the team had crab cakes and shrimp.

There is a tall canopy of pine trees everywhere in the campground and the full moon

was a treat shining through the branches, but we didn't stay up late to watch it. Two windy days in a row can make us tired.

Even in April it doesn't always blow. Saturday was light and shifty, north and then flat calm, then south. We circled Janes Island widdershins and then ducked into Old House Cove for lunch and a stroll along the beach. There is a chimney left over from a fish processing plant on what must have once been a much larger island near Island Point, and about 40 septic tanks were left out there when Crisfield shifted over to city sewage. We saw ospreys collecting nesting material that were chased by a bad tempered eagle.

We sailed home to a colorful sunset at our waterfront campsite and some good fresh seafood. The Waterman's Inn is a good but pricy local restaurant. They have a special rate for old folks if they arrive before 5:00, and I collect Medicare. It was Peter's birthday and they gave him a candle in a slice of Smith Island Cake. Smith Island cake is the state dessert of Maryland, eight thin layers of cake with icing on top and between each layer of cake. One slice was enough for the three of us.

Sunday it was blowing hard in the morning and promised to increase during the day. We'd had enough so we broke camp, hauled our boats and drove home. We completed 77 miles in three days in lots of different sailing conditions.

One favorite destination that we missed this time was a Virginia run across the Little Annemessex River, through Broad Creek Channel into Pokomoke Sound, then out through Great Thorofare or around Watts Island and over to Cod Harbor and Sand Spit at the South end of Tangier. This is a remote site with good protection for anything but an Easterly. We will have to come back soon to do that one.

In bad weather there is a fine day of trying to sail around in all the kayak trails that are laid out in the marshes of Janes Island. That can be a maneuvering challenge in winding little creeks and best attempted on a rising tide. Next year I am determined to start my season even earlier, this is the time of year to sail the Southern Chesapeake.





Maurice River Row/Paddle

By Phil Maynard

We had a beautiful day on the Maurice River with a wind out of the NW at 15mph. Tom Shepard, John Depa, Bruce Robbins, Ron Gibbs and myself met at Millville's Fowser Road ramp and followed the meander of the Maurice River down to the Mauricetown Bridge. The route was approximately ten miles. We had the tide with us and it took us about two and a half hours with a nice long stop along the way for lunch just south of Burcham Farm.

Bruce's SOF Whitehall, designed by Dave Gentry, rowed very nicely and is a fast boat. I was pleased with my kayak in its first real outing. I had installed a seat back and gunwale rub rails since its first test in the Brandywine a couple of weeks back. Ron was pleased with his sliding seat setup but has yet to test his second set of oars. Yes, he has two complete rowing setups in his original design boat. A great day was had by all.



Important Meeting Notice

The Delaware River Chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association has changed its meeting night and meeting location!!! We now meet on the second Monday of each month. Our new meeting location will be at the LIBERTY SAILING CLUB, 303 NORTH FRONT ST, PHILADELPHIA, PA. Interested small boat enthusiasts are welcome to attend.

25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**



Getting to Meet "Big Mama"!

There it was down below, REAL whitewater! Class 4 and 5 stuff we were told. And what we could see from where we stood wasn't the really big stuff either. And here I was all geared up for running these rapids, wetsuit, bulky horsecollar life vest, little red plastic helmet, paddle in hand. Standing beside a plump inflated raft with a half-dozen others similarly attired, waiting our turn in a long line of similar rafts lined up down a long incline to the river below, much like a lineup of cars at a toll booth somewhere. To our right the bulk of Harris Dam loomed, holding back the waters of Rainbow Pond and giant Moosehead Lake. 6,000 cubic feet of those waters were gushing from beneath the dam every second and rushing

off down the gorge we'd soon be rushing down ourselves.

This was the Kennebec Gorge, about 12 miles of whitewater in what appeared to be a "wilderness" canyon way up in northwest Maine. What was I doing here? I'd never done any whitewater paddling. Well, the folks at Downeast Whitewater had invited me to join one of their rafting trips this spring, to experience the thrills, maybe write about it afterward. A press junket. This was about a \$90 adventure on a weekend, something I'd probably not thought of taking on my own. It was an offer I could not refuse.

Someone once told me about the whitewater kayaker who had painted on the bottom of his craft, visible when he was upended in turbulence, "Real men don't raft

whitewater". Apparently rafting rapids is not highly regarded by purists in kayaks or canoes. My impression of whitewater rafting had developed from such inputs over time as a sort of thrill ride, like a roller coaster ride, over very wet natural terrain. I hadn't really thought of it as messing about in boat. So now in late May I was going to find out about this.

This is no small scale game. Even on this Sunday, when often rafting is limited by limited water releases (the dam generates power, demand for which on Sundays is usually low, and the power company hates to waste its "fuel") the put-in at Harris Dam was a busy place. After a dozen mile ride over paper company dirt roads through desolate clear cut areas, our old

Bluebird schoolbus turned left into uncut forest and soon came out in a big open area where many, many other busses were parked and people everywhere in wetsuits were gathered around rafts of many colors. It seems there are 15 "outfitters" who have permits to conduct commercial rafting trips in the area, and each can launch up to 10 rafts with 8 clients aboard each. I'd guess today there were maybe 50 or so rafts. My hosts had only two, with 11 clients.

During the previous week over nine inches of rain had fallen in western Maine and too much water had backed up behind the dam. So the Central Maine Power Company was dumping close to the maximum 24 hours a day. Heaven for the rafters. Big water ahead. Slowly we inched down the slope towards the one raft at a time launching spot over some riverside ledges. We'd had the safety lecture, which discussed what we'd do if anyone fell overboard, or if the raft flipped over, all the various contingencies that might occur. Our guide, Tom, was easy and relaxed. He'd done over 400 trips in eight years on the Kennebec, so this was pretty routine. Only the "crew" was new and unpredictable for him each trip.

One becomes part of the "crew" on these rafting trips as it is expected of you that you will paddle strenuously upon command, to give the guide in the stern steerageway to enable him to steer the raft where he chooses to go in the worst of the whitewater. The thing that can flip a raft is lack of sufficient forward speed over the water, which itself is moving downstream at about 6-8 miles an hour. If the raft hits a big standing wave or drops into a "hydraulic" without sufficient forward speed over the water, it'll just stop and then slide backwards and flip or fill. Sounds dangerous. In inexperienced hands it could be. With the guide in control, even a flip usually means just a delay while everyone gets collected back together and back into the raft.

These rafts are something indeed, about 16' by 6', big fat inflated hull with inflated thwarts across bracing them, a flat fabric floor beneath. They're not clumsy despite their appearance, but are very responsive to the guide's controlling paddle. They cannot sink, but they do take on lots of water in the big rapids, and a five-gallon plastic pail is carried for bailing out after any particularly heavy whitewater.

At last we got to the water's edge, launched the raft and paddled out into the swift moving current. Tom conducted a brief training session right there; "All ahead", left ahead, right ahead, left back, right back, all back, HOLD ON!" Our raft was undermanned with on-

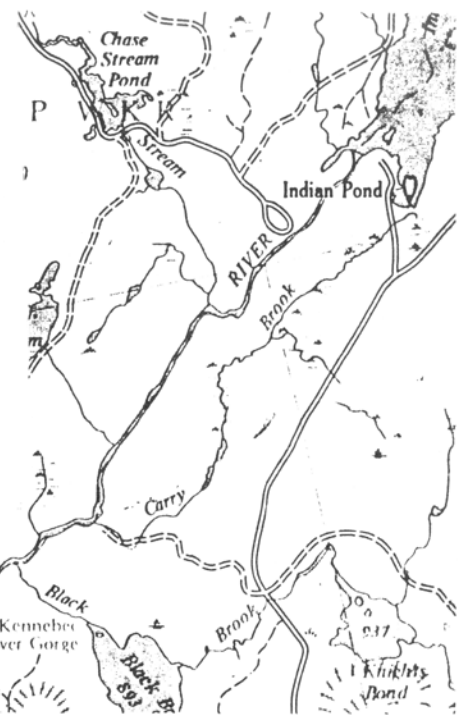
ly five of us. A group of four couples had hoped to crew a single raft, but with just eleven of us altogether (I was the odd man) two rafts were needed, and we had the short end in ours. This meant that I turned out to be the only paddler on my side behind the bow paddler, while the opposite side had two. We were three down from the normal full complement of eight. While this reduced our paddling power, it allowed the raft to float higher and give us a livelier ride.

Perhaps you suspect that our participation with such minimal "training" was not to be taken too seriously. I did. These trips run all season with thousands of untrained non-boaters on board and



nobody gets lost or seriously injured. So, despite the intimidating circumstances on the river, this is, like a roller coaster, a pretty safe thrill trip. The others in our crew were active outdoor folks, bicyclers and downhill skiers, but not boat people. They could focus on the thrills and scenery while I additionally was paying some attention to this as a "boating" experience. Not being a whitewater paddler, I devoted myself to following Tom's commands, when not grabbing a lifeline or falling into the middle of the raft. One of the guide's problems on a trip can be an experienced paddler who tries to control the raft, presuming he knows what ought to be done. Better to have a raftload of the totally uninitiated.

So off we went, turned downstream towards the first of a num-



ber of rapids ahead, "Throat Taster", part of a series known as the "Three Sisters", Class 5 standing waves that were moderated much after a 1983 flood washed out the underwater obstacles that created them. Now it was a sort of "introduction" to what lay ahead. Tom could see how his crew was going to react and make his subsequent choices on his path through the rapids based on what he saw. My limited experience in turbulent ocean waves caused me to grab on at the first big wave we crashed into, even though Tom had not commanded us to "Hold on". No matter, and after a couple more I relaxed a bit as I realized how this big soft raft cushioned the impacts and sort of "flowed" on over the stuff. A hard-shell boat would toss you right out with some of the impacts experienced.

The paddling position we assumed is kind of a precarious feeling one. One sits on top of the broad gunwales, not on the cross thwarts, and reaches over the side to paddle, leaning out and ahead to get a good bite on the water. When the water drops away into a hole, the paddle waves in the air and it's not too hard to tip over the side when no solid water contact is made. The two bow paddlers brace their feet against the cross thwart. The two paddlers opposite me brace against each other's feet. I braced my left foot on the flat floor. Not so good. This caused me to fall into the raft several times when I lost my balance as my foot slid away at an awkward moment. But, better than going overboard, and the rest kept on paddling.

The river rushes on, periods of just fast moving "quick" water interspersed with the challenges. After "Three Sisters" came "Allyway", Class 4 and 5 in a narrow

passage with huge standing waves. Here we heard Tom's "hold on" right after his urging of "all ahead". It was wet and bouncy and wild, lurching through sheets of spray. Entering each of these is the time you get to contemplate this craziness and wonder at what's about to happen. Once into it, there's nothing to do but hang on and ride it out. Confusion reigns, but Tom's in control, so not to worry.

I guess Tom decided he had a pretty good crew despite my flounderings into the raft, and we didn't get into any trouble. As we approached "Magic Falls" it appeared Tom had decided he'd take the biggies head on with us. He could have chosen to bypass the worst in many places. My companions were all of my generation, and a pretty cool bunch, heeding the commands and soldiering on. One of several stops took place just before "Magic Falls", ostensibly to give us a break, and to allow Tom to sort out his place in the traffic. I think it also was a move calculated to give us a good look at what lay ahead in anticipation. It was pretty intimidating.

These "falls" were not big waterfalls, "over the brink" stuff, but more a series of two or three foot dropoffs with attendant huge standing waves where the downward surging water reversed itself off the bottom and soared several feet into the air. Just around the corner from the outcropping ledge on which we beached, the water poured smoothly over the brink of the first of the several drop offs. It was just chaos from there on for several hundred feet. Having had our break, we reboarded and paddled upstream a bit in the eddy, turned and went for it, full paddle ahead. Then it was "hold on" and a wild ride indeed. It's pretty exciting stuff as long as one doesn't have to retain presence of mind and try to do any sensible thing like paddle.

Tom decided we'd have a go at

The 15' Avon raft used carries up to 8 persons plus the guide. Note darker top of gunwales, a less slippery surface upon which the paddlers sit. The "thwarts" are not used as seats. Our raft was missing the middle thwart.



a giant hydraulic known to the guides as "Lester the Molester". Yes, that's its name. A hydraulic seems to be a place where water pours over a brink into a giant hole and resurges upward on the far side so violently that it topples over backward into the hole. Solo paddlers can get pinned to the bottom in this sort of thing. Dangerous to the inexperienced. To properly run this monster, we had to give Tom some forward speed. It's a funny feeling trying to paddle up some speed when you're already moving over 8 miles per hour and accelerating. But we did it, and at "hold on", we crashed into this thing. Again I fell into the bottom of the raft, damn that left foot. Beyond, as we regrouped, Tom laughed and offered that, "at least you fell into the raft, the last journalist I took through "Lester" fell overboard!"

After this, things eased up and Class 2 and 3 rapids became the course, with much more fast moving relatively undisturbed river in between. Tom explained that the Kennebec Gorge is a great first time whitewater experience for rafters as it has some real biggies and is very scenic, but is not technically challenging to the guides. The West Branch of the Penobscot trip is more demanding technically and the nearby Dead River is more continuous rapids, but not so spectacular in scope.

We stopped several times along the way, once for a coffee break that was supposed to have been our riverside steak barbeque. The steaks had failed to arrive in the support raft due to a logistical screw-up. We had them later after the trip. In more moderate water for the balance of the trip, going through places like "Stand Up Rips", Class 2 and 3, Tom handed over the "helm" to anyone of us who cared to try it. Since the others had paid their way, I declined to accept the paddle until after the others who wished to had their tries.

I did "take over" over the last few miles negotiating mostly fast moving current and modest sets of one foot standing waves. I was pleasantly impressed with how responsive the raft was to my efforts at control, and gained new appreciation of what Tom had been doing back here going through the monster rapids. Most of the time we drifted along, using the normal current flow to choose where we'd go. As one set of larger rapids appeared, Tom asked me, "What now, Bob?" I was the skipper? It was a nice bit of flattery. So I hollered, "all ahead", we picked up enough speed to keep the raft bow on, and rode on through without incident. This seat back here was a pretty nice place to be.

Tom pointed out that riding back there can be pretty demanding in the big stuff, for as the raft bends itself up and over the humps of water, it can flip its tail abruptly and the guide finds himself in the "ejection seat". What happens if you lose your guide? Now what? It happens. Apparently, when you fall into the river, you usually surface next to the raft, the current is so swift it carries everything along at the same speed. Anyone overboard often can be picked up as the raft surges on. If not, the raft can be brought to the banking at the next eddy or easing up and the floating paddler retrieved.

We were invited to enjoy floating down this last couple of miles in our life vests if we chose. Our crew declined, but we saw others like ducklings clustered around a mother duck cruising along in little fleets. In high summer this can be a refreshing way to go. But on this gray May day with this cold water, even in a wetsuit, no thanks.

Back at The Forks, where the Kennebec and the Dead Rivers join, we took out, helped load the deflated rafts on a trailer, rode back to Kelley Brook headquarters in the Bluebird, dried off and enjoyed our delayed steak barbeque. Then it was picture time. We would be able to view slides taken of us in action and also a brief video. All part of the marketing program. One of the reasons for our several stops enroute was to allow photographer Dave to get back ahead of us to the next "hero" section for more photos. I have great respect for this quiet young man. He loaded two ammo boxes full of 35mm motor-driven camera and videocam into his whitewater kayak, slipped into the cockpit, fitted the spray-skirt and was off downstream through that intimidating water! He'd stop at the chosen spot and set up to catch all of the Downeast rafts as they came by. Today it was easy, only two rafts. When all ten were on the river, much bus-

ier. I watched him in the river. I was impressed. Just another day's work. Dave told me they'd found it simpler to teach a whitewater paddler to take good pictures than to try to teach a photographer how to paddle this scale of whitewater.

The slides were each shown, identified, and a number announced. An order blank provided places to list those you wanted to buy color prints of to show the gang back home. The video was a stock film of exciting moments on the river with your own trip slotted into the middle, both in real and slow motion. You order up what you want and in about a month it turns up at home. The photo on the cover of this issue is our raft tackling "Big Mama", another of the bigger standing waves. It was a good shot. I took no photos enroute as I did not take my camera. Now I feel I could take some using a waterproof sports camera on any possible future trip.

We were a pretty sedate group in the bar/dining room at Kelley Brook, the headquarters and campground run by Downeast. The previous week, a planeload of Brits had arrived and done all three riv-

ers in three days. Rick, the owner, explained to me, "they were a bunch of crazies, weird guys, it was a total three-day blast for them." All the way from England! I had presumed this sort of outing attracted groups of macho guys intent on heroics, but Rick said most of the clients were family groups, groups of friends like those on my trip, or groups such as the boy scouts who had run the river the day before us. On the river, I had noted some rafts engaged in "bailing battles", tossing buckets of bilgewater over each other, rather than overboard. And occasionally there'd be great shouts of macho enthusiasm with upraised fists after a particularly rugged stretch. But we sort of just did it, and after each succeeding thrash through the spray, we'd look at one another with some amazement, perhaps. This was kinda fun, for sure.

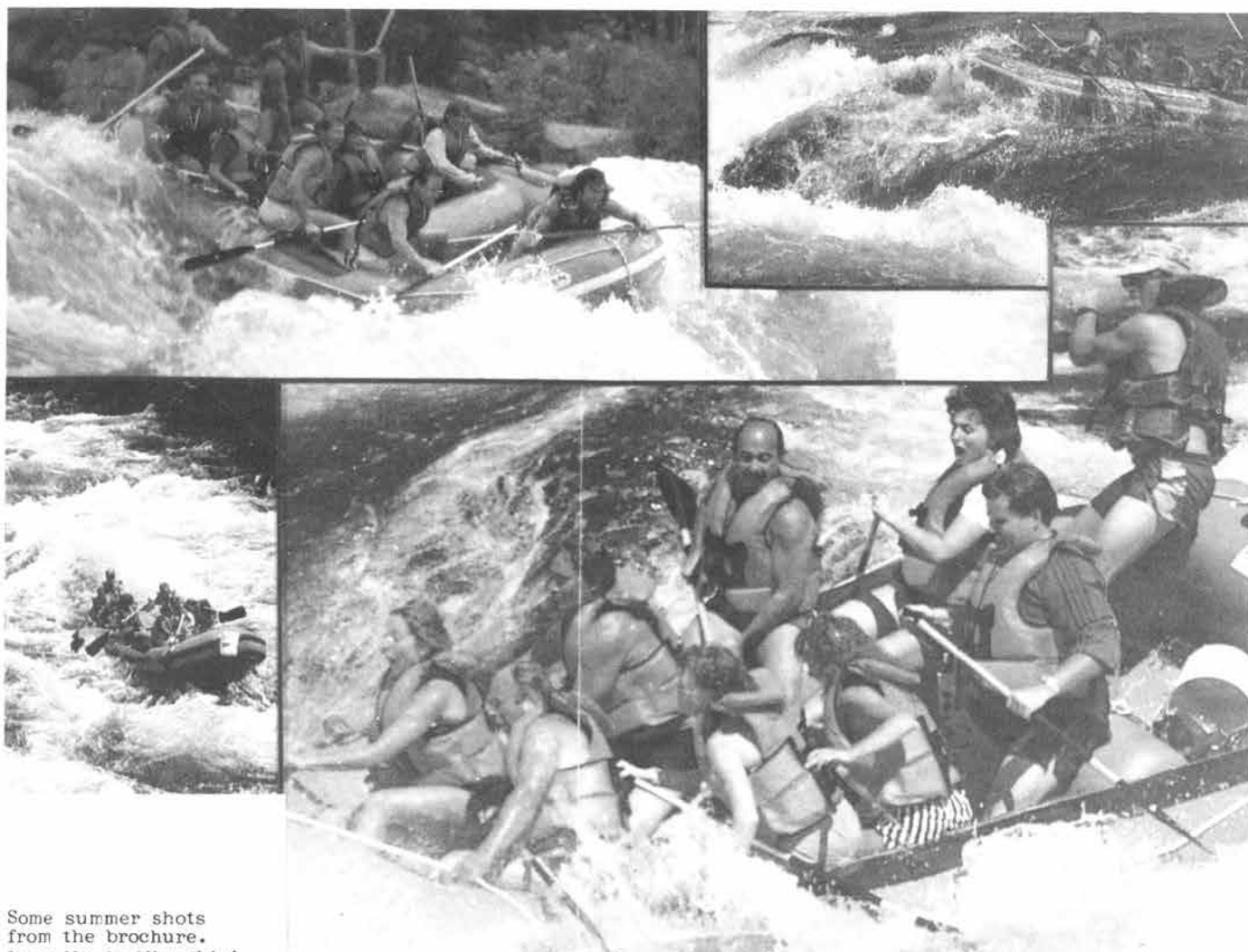
If you think this might be a good summer fun trip, you can get all the details in a brochure from Downeast Whitewater, Box 119, Center Conway, NH 03813 (that's the paperwork office shared with Saco Bound) or call them there at (603) 447-3002 or (603) 447-3801. You can

do a trip for \$87 per person weekends, \$74 weekdays, and camp, or rent a rustic motel room nearby. Package deals including everything are offered too. It's certainly a great once in a lifetime experience for anyone who likes boating. Maybe you'll even want to go back for more on another river.

An interesting aspect of this seasonal business was learning that owner Rick, and guide Tom were both school teachers in Augusta. Rick had once been a guide himself, and had moved on into setting himself up in the business while still teaching. This seems to be an ideal off-season job for an outdoor oriented teacher. Tom, our guide, teaches English in high school in Augusta. Assuming that alternative professional role as we parted, Tom kindly offered to review my "composition" and make the necessary "corrections". So here it is, Tom. Enjoy it. I certainly enjoyed the trip with you, you are very good at what you do.

Report by Bob Hicks

Photos by Dave Moore and Bob Hicks



Some summer shots from the brochure. It really is like this!

Redundancy isn't a bad idea, in fact, it's a good idea. I come to it naturally as I'm partial to things like small camp stoves. I used to compare that fondness to Imelda Marcos' passion for shoes. Then, looking for a part to my Primus 00, I went online and saw some real collections, on par with Imelda's. But my dozen little camp stoves in a glass fronted cabinet would count as a collection to most people plus they give a nice smell to the cabinet. All but two have seen long, personal use and the two donated stoves served their owners just as faithfully.

In addition, my stove collection allows me to choose. Now, which one shall I take? I like to match the occasion as well as my mood the way some people select jewelry or a tie to wear. Backpack and bicycle limit me to a single selection. But canoe, kayak or sailboat allow at least two and the tote in my car is stocked with three small stoves. Things don't just break, malfunction or, heaven forbid, get dropped overboard. Conditions change. The wind picks up or the temperature drops, a fast boil up is in order or a slow simmer. Each stove has its forte. Even more volatile, my mood changes. Sometimes I like silence, sometimes a reassuring purr or hiss. When it comes to virtues redundancy is one I actually enjoy. Is it really a virtue? For me at least, redundancy is certainly its own reward.

Now there are two other related virtues, if you will, multifunction and multipurpose. Multifunction is, to me, a lot of different things in one tool, the classic multitool. Multipurpose is when a single item can serve a multitude of, well, purposes. Duct tape exemplifies multipurpose. But so can a tool which, while intended for one use, can be adapted to other ends such as pliers that can open a bottle of beer. That's real virtue in pliers. To earn a place on Tor Pinney's boat an item needs to meet "Tenet #5: The preferred equipment perform more than one function." His book, *Ready for Sea*, is particularly good reading for the small boat sailor. Check out Chapter 15, "Tools, Chemicals and Spares" Pinney recommends for an ocean passage. It'll make you go out and hug your small boat with new love and appreciation.

Multipurpose becomes a virtue only when your tool isn't the only means for doing the job, your pliers aren't your only way to get at that beer. That is, when several tools can be adapted beyond their intended tasks and can thus overlap one another, you've got



Belt and Suspenders

"I've lied to men who wear belts.
I've lied to men who wear suspenders.
But I'd never be so stupid as to lie to a man
who wears both belt and suspenders."
Kirk Douglas in *The Big Carnival*
aka *Ace in the Hole*

redundancy. Drop your bottle opener overboard and you can still get to your beer with those pliers.

Contrast that with the multitool. Some tote a multitool with the idea that it saves taking a lot of other tools. Drop that multitool overboard and you've dropped your whole toolbox into the drink. That's reverse redundancy, like having only pliers to serve as bottle opener. Lose the pliers and you can't get at that beer just when you need one most. A multitool is to have all your eggs in one basket. Multipurpose, several tools that are adaptable, is to have a diversified tool portfolio.

Obviously I've not the same passion for multitools as I have for little camp stoves. This might seem odd in view of my passion for pocket knives, even those with more than a blade or two. It's a matter of degree, like the tipping point when a cat fancier becomes a cat lady. For me, the boundary is your basic Swiss Army knife, two blades, a bottle opener and can opener (each multipurpose with their screw driver ends). After that, if you want to stay within bounds, you have to choose, awl, corkscrew or Phillips head screwdriver. Looks like four to six items on a pocket knife is my cut off. (And that seems a reasonable cat count for the cat lady boundary.)

No doubt others have a passion for multitools, even collect them, which is OK, as the lady said when she kissed the cow. Each to his or her own taste. I would just recommend backups. That's redundancy which can be a matter of duplicates (hooray for collections) or different tools with overlapping uses. Where size and weight are severely limited, as in backpacking, you may have to sacrifice redundancy. But backpacking you usually don't drop things overboard. Even then I'll forego a multitool. I may have to sacrifice choice but I don't want to give up imagining unintended purposes. I enjoy picturing the back of a knife fitting across the slot of a screw head or a lobster cracker loosening a bolt. With a multitool you miss out on those pleasures. However, whether multitool, multipurpose or duplicates, ultimately redundancy comes down to having what you need and then some.

"An interesting relative to multipurpose is "affordance" which is how ergonomic engineers describe handiness, comfort, usability, versatility, which a simple design, well, affords. Those notches on a handle to accommodate our fingers also lock us in. We can't choke up on the handle or otherwise vary our grip for comfort or to address a particular task. What's marketed as ergonomic is often far from user friendly.

This concept (long before I even knew affordance was a word) was impressed upon me during a cross country drive in a sports car. The car's wrap around seat, ergonomic for the race track, became an iron maiden on the long distance drive. There was no shifting about (not to mention napping for the passenger) and I came to hate those high priced car seats. I've always preferred simple handles without odd "ergonomic" modifications. Sometimes, while taste can't be disputed, it can be explained."

Well, I can't say my penchant for redundancy has made me invulnerable to liars but it has made me exceptionally vulnerable to purveyors of gadgets. By the way, Gaget, Gauthier & Cie was the French firm which fabricated the Statue of Liberty. To commemorate the statue's New York installation Gaget had miniatures made for Americans in Paris. These souvenirs were the first "gadgets." Now let's see, what else besides paperweights could a little statue like that be used for in a pinch, brass hammer? Sacrificial metal on the keel? To crack a lobster claw? There's always something to think about.



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The insurance kicked in May 1 so Harold Burnham shortly after had his schooner *Ardelle* at the dock at the Gloucester (Massachusetts) Heritage Center ready for daily two hour harbor cruises (or special charters for anyone so desiring) under traditional sail. On May 14 he hosted a special cruise for members of the North Shore TSCA and friends who had worked hard on building *Ardelle* at Harold's boatyard in nearby Essex. The 6pm cruise was the second of the day, earlier Harold had taken out a group of local school kids as part of the Heritage Center's ongoing educational service for the community.

It was a nice evening with the remains of the day's sea breeze still sufficient to get under sail almost right off the dock. But the breeze soon headed us as we aimed for the end of the half mile long breakwater so the Diesel was pressed into service to get us out for the sail back before dark. Beyond the breakwater a lumpy sea was still running from the sea breeze and those of us sitting near the bow got some elevator rides but no spray.

Ardelle is a dry boat, Henry Szostek told us. Henry had crewed for Harold on the sail from Gloucester to Washington, DC, last year for Harold to receive his National Endowment for the Arts Award for his design and construction of *Ardelle*. They spent a night offshore in stormy weather rather than run an unfamiliar New Jersey inlet after dark. It was a rough night but *Ardelle* stayed dry according to Henry. The pinky proved to be the right boat for that occasion.



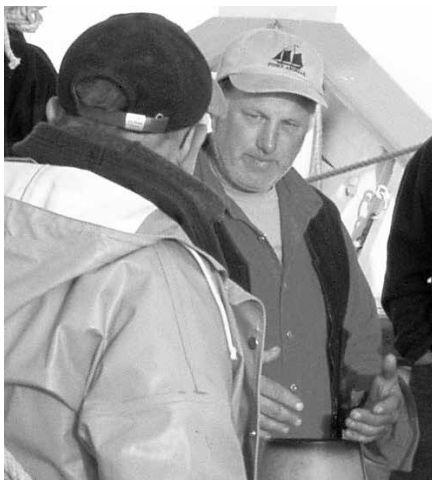
Henry Szostek, local TSCA Chapter prez (and occasional contributor to *MAIB*), crewed for Harold on *Ardelle's* cruise to Washington DC last year.

It was a great evening's outing for all.



An Evening Cruise on the Schooner *Ardelle*

By Bob Hicks



Designer/builder/skipper Harold Burnham.

Reaching and running back to the dock along the Eastern Point shore right up again its typical Cape Ann rocky ledges as dusk descended brought the evening cruise to a close. Smiles aplenty were to be seen amongst this knowledgeable group of small boat folks as we disembarked in appreciation for what Harold Burnham has achieved with his *Ardelle*. If your time and distance permit you should experience this for yourself this summer.



Occasional *MAIB* contributor Capt. Gnat was onboard.



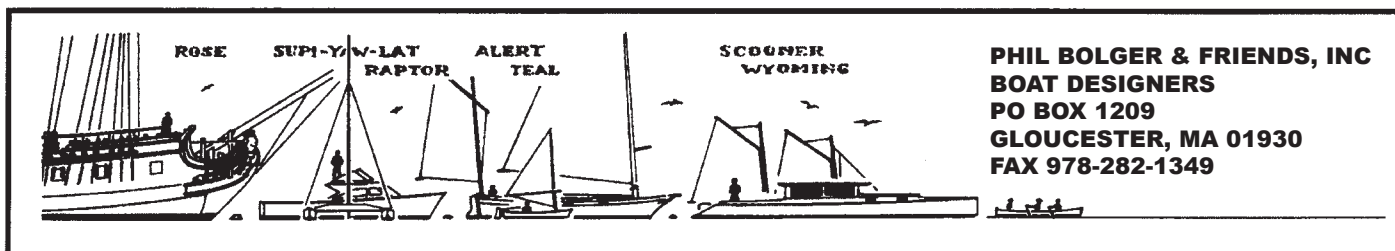
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Marbleheader Steve Willard savoring the fruits of his labors as a volunteer building *Ardelle* through a long, cold winter outside.





Party Barge, that was just a matter of time. To have a party on the water, some folks would need metal flakes baked into the clear coat, at least twin super charged and NOX'd big block stern drives, appropriate numbers of babes, and perhaps a lemur fur lined sink as the conversation piece. Add the designer shades, obligatory semi sneer of (presumed) cool and the soundtrack of *Miami Vice* blasting at mega wattage with the throttle, well, at WOT!

Then again, at 25hp, perhaps 50hp, on tap, you could have all that at a fraction of not just the speed, but also the first, running and replacement costs. Some might even claim that the trip taking five to eight times as long (7kts versus 35kts cruising and near 60kts flat out) could mean having this much more fun getting there. So why rush things?! Whether that holds true may depend on your itinerary, careful plotting, charting that course and all that, not to put too fine a point on it.

Phil Bolger & Friends On Design

More Preliminary Studies for Champlain-28

28'x8'2"x1'8"x25hp

Part 6

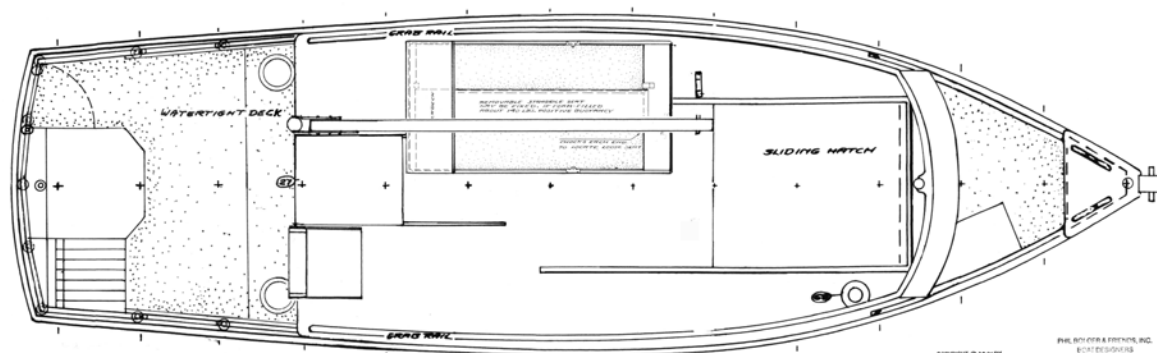
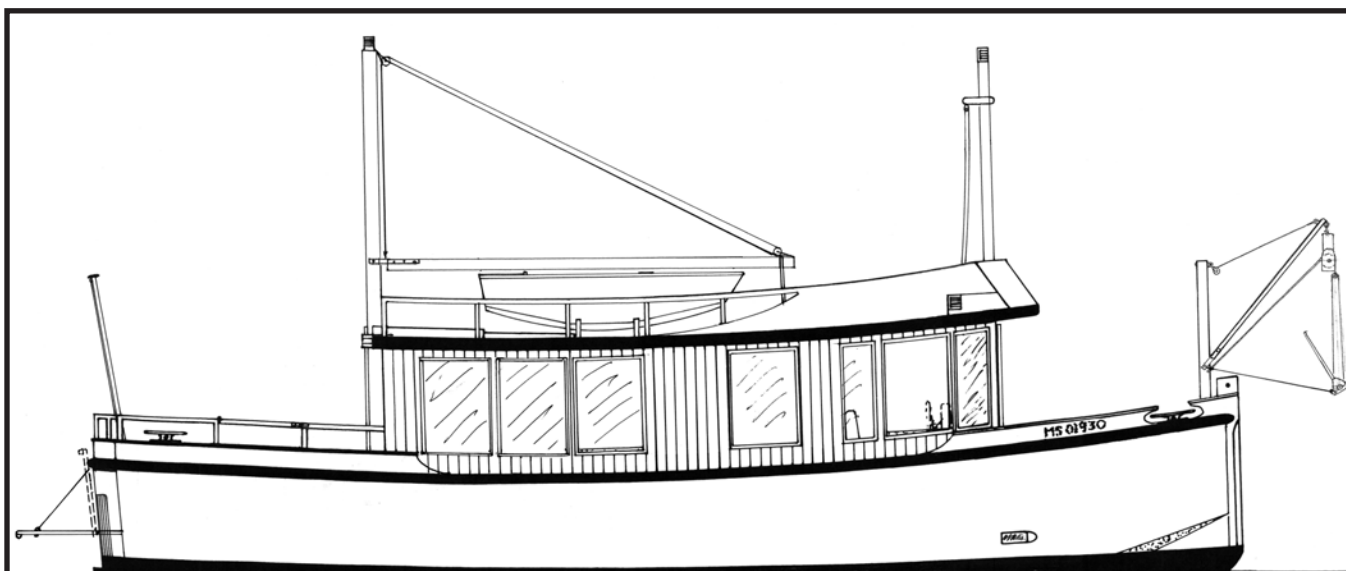
Model 8 - Party Barge Committee Boat / Bro Cruiser

Approaching her by dinghy, we'd bump against her stern platform, open her transom door and find the modest but quite useful cockpit to spread out on. Sure would be big enough for two, door open or door closed, to apply on each other sun tan lotion under the strictest of medical terms, watch birds dead vertically, mouth closed (!) or just study how

long it takes to have that bathing suit dry in the breeze up off the tip of the mast's aft swung gaff. Door open or door closed.

With the dink in the water, the roof top offers more opportunities for conviviality, if you add light slatting between the hatch-tracks, or do without the big forward one altogether, as if there was not enough sun already on and in the boat anyway. That visor and railing averages about 12" in height, just enough to keep lotioned up bodies from slithering over the edge. After all, how many times do you want to do this to each other after yet another sudden dive overboard?

It would be a distinct issue of taste and personal preferences whether you'd use canvas, imitation leatherette, crushed velvet, industrial strength vinyl, lemur fur or even certified (paperwork matters!) organic naugahide to cover those full length settees/berth just off the cockpit inside the house. Lotion, lotion. Of course, the ancient Greeks pre-



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ferred olive oil, extra something I'm told. The port settee is the usual width, while the starboard one could be made wider yet for tight twosome comforts.

If oil should only be applied to salad, perhaps to a quick session with the pan on that little set of gas burners in her galley, then that dorm style four cubic foot fridge under the co pilot seat might hold enough ingredients for a fine culinary interlude. Not much good comes from an empty stomach.

Yes, for the private urges, there is a head with a solid door and lock. For those lonely hearts, the bow cockpit. A spat aboard, the head or the bow cockpit. Severe misbehavior? Not sure whether that main mast boom should be loaded up with the weight of the miscreant in that net for too long.

At any rate, a more typical use of that fine meshed net would be to lower various types of bottles deep down to the perfect water temperature below. That may mean that in certain locations it will always be red, but no white, nor beer and never any bubbly! We'd always keep that lotion at ambient temperature though.

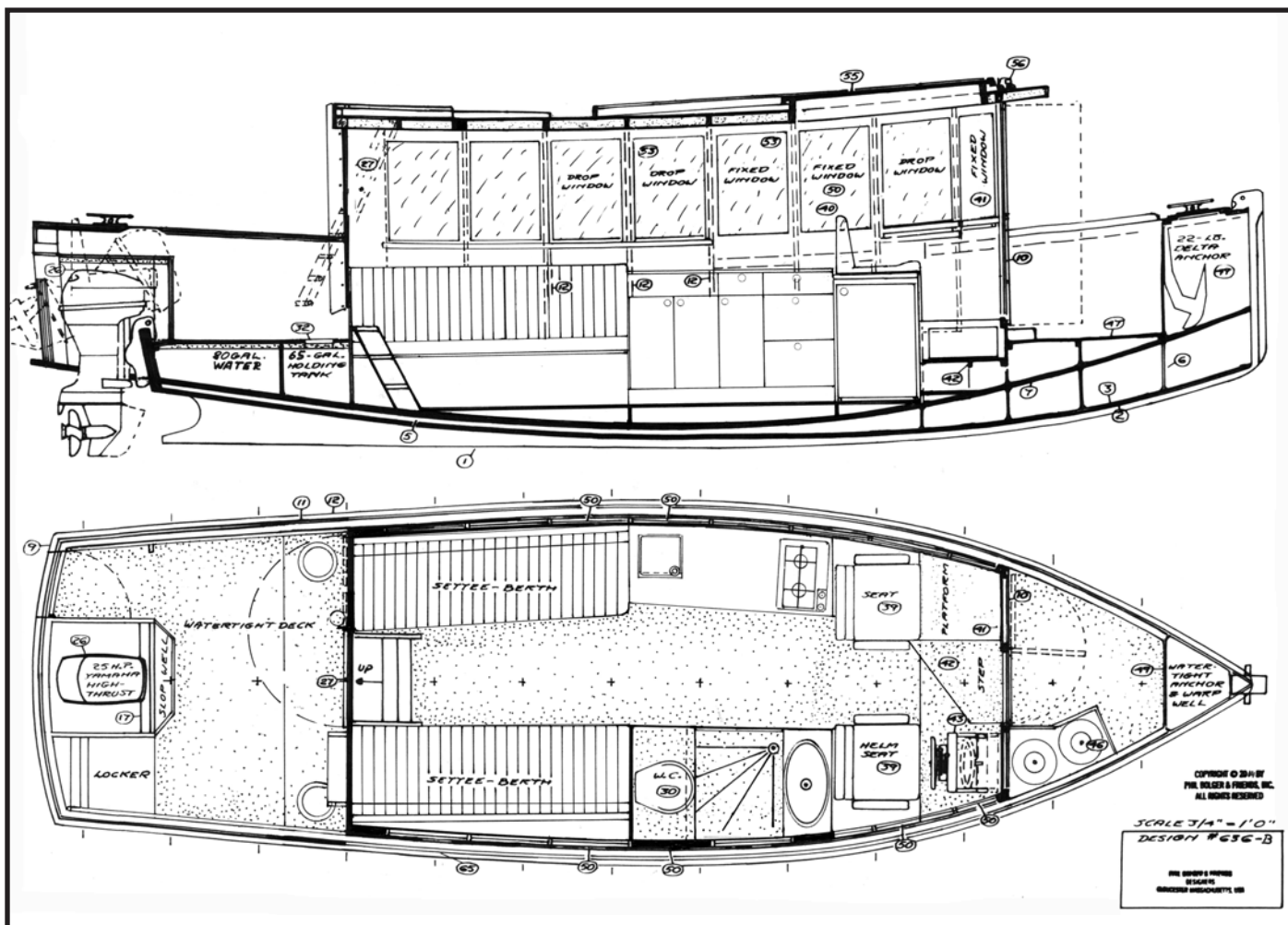
Of course, instead of Margaritaville excesses of grand debauchery, we may just want to get away from it all, just to practice the xylophone, the youth camp hand whittled recorder, Aunt Millie's near perfectly tuned heirloom accordion, just not near that nature preserve. That damage could likely be spotted from the air.

Possibly more hazardous yet due to sea lawyers unavoidably on board would be the Yacht Club Committee Boat Duty. To prepare her, we'd reconfigure the galley as a full service do it yourself bar. Big ice chest. We'd add another handrail and stanchion or two for safe passage. There are already lots of inside and outside sitting positions. The roof top for a few race observers. The mast and boom to put down and pick up course markers. The stern platform to assist capsized crew to get aboard while the boom should snag and raise the submersed mast. In case even catspaws were to diminish, with a 50hp she ought to tow much of that stalled out fleet back to the club floats. Racing violations and the rich spectrum of possible Official Sanctions would likely be more exciting to the rulebook

waving set than the various and possibly distracting uses of suntan lotion.

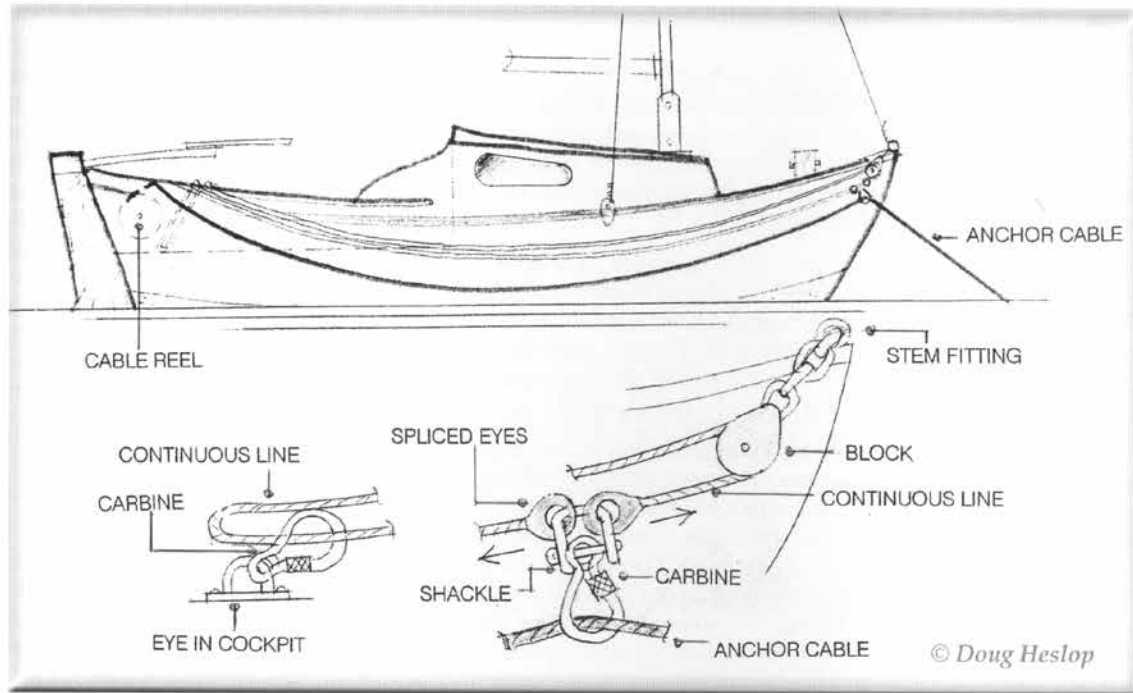
In fact, Model 8 might instead serve just right as a twosome Bro Cruiser under the ancient and familiar motto "affection, but no touch'n," not at all unheard of amongst old friends, buds, veterans of all sorts of life's challenges, two bros just out for a few hours or perhaps many weeks of down time at 25hp and 7kts max. Or two sisters, just mellowing out for a bit. No dramatics. Quiet good times, strictly at displacement speed. Their personal stuff on and under their personal bunk. Perhaps even two fridges forward to keep distinct dietary habits well supported as a matter of personal emotional balance. If you need a coconut cookie with your meds, you'd better keep your stash in your fridge. Padlocks? Likely not amongst friends. Perhaps a proximity alarm switch next to those cookies.

Some might even prefer to keep their lotion separate until, sooner or later, the urge overcomes them to play that *Miami Vice* theme one more time, WOT, of course! More to come...



Single-Handed Anchoring, by Doug Heslop

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK



Being old, and no longer nimble and feeble (better points) I find it difficult to anchor from the small foredeck of my West Wight Potter. I have devised a system of anchoring from the cockpit. I suppose the method would suit any single-hander who has a boat where anchoring from the foredeck would be difficult (See sketch). At the heart of the system is a continuous loop of 10mm dia rope that travels from a pulley block at the stem, to a stainless carabine hook in the cockpit.

To drop anchor:

Position carabine hook on continuous line alongside cockpit, clip anchor cable into carabine, making sure that the anchor chain is outboard of the carabine hook. Head to wind or tide, drop jib.

Launch anchor forward so that it enters the water ahead of boat.

Pull the continuous line forward till the carabine hook is chock-a-block with stem pulley block. Allow the anchor cable to run out. When enough cable has been run out make it fast. Lash the two parts of the continuous line together in the cockpit. Drop Mainsail.

To retrieve anchor:

Hoist Mainsail.

Undo lashing on the continuous line.

Haul in the anchor cable till the chain reaches the stem pulley block (it can go no further).

Pull the continuous line back to bring the cable alongside the cockpit.

Unclip the cable from the Carbine, dunk the anchor and chain briskly in the water to clean.

Bring the anchor, chain and cable into the cockpit, hoist jib, clear off.

Finally nurse bruised foot where anchor landed, contemplate weed, mud and crab that now share the cockpit with you.

Since fitting the system I learn that our American cousins have a similar set up. The stainless fittings can be obtained via the Internet. Google....*Boat -Chandlery- Stainless -Marine*. Then *e bay shop*, about my shop then www.stainlessdirect.com tel. 07769837

The carabine hook used is an 8mm - 80mm with locking eye. £4.99 + £2 p&p. DH

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Learn boat building from an internationally renowned craftsman. Bert Van Baar from The Netherlands is spending nine days at The Apprenticeshop this summer to share some of his talents with aspiring boat builders on this side of the pond. You're invited to join Bert in Rockland, Maine, at The Apprenticeshop for an intensive workshop in wooden lapstrake construction.

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We have several spaces left to fill for this nine day course in boat building, but we expect it to fill quickly so register now!



Do You Want a Fulfilling Career in Boat Building? Get Training First

By Carl Cramer

Let's start with this most basic fact. No one needs a boat. Well, let me qualify that a bit further that some of us always do, but we hardly constitute the great majority. Boat sales, and thus boat building, has always been, and will always be, about boat demand by consumers. As the economy goes, so do boat sales and thus a need for boat builders. After an absolutely miserable economy for the past seven to eight years, now that pent up demand for new boats, and used boats as well, is steadily rising.

It's an excellent time to learn to be a boat builder, for so many reasons. I can only offer you some anecdotal advice. Back when I was still working at *Professional BoatBuilder* magazine, we conducted an informal, mathematically flawed survey of our 23,000 readers around the world. That was a year ago. As I recall, 30%+ of boat builders intended to hire new workers in the next 12 months. (When I say "boat builders," I mean anyone who builds

or repairs boats made out of various materials; fiberglass, wood, aluminum, steel, rubber, other. High tech, medium tech or low tech.)

The two primary attributes they cited for a successful candidate were (1) attitude and (2) technical training from a trade school. The marine industry is poorly informed when it comes to statistics, so I will stick with those two, plus the undisputed need within the boat building industry for new workers, particularly those with the above two qualities.

How does one learn attitude? For me, this seems obvious. It's a degree of confidence in one's ability to perform a challenge, which any new job presents. Which leads directly to the second item, technical training. In some ways, this is a rhetorical question. I haven't counted recently, but there are perhaps 40-50 boat building schools around the world at present. Boat building schools build skills and confidence. And boats. Students are taught that they can do it. There are very few straight lines in boat building, other than as points of reference. And this very fact builds a very different student than one you would find in, say, a house building school. Boat building students learn to appreciate curves and intelligent intersections and working with beautiful materials.

You could try to learn boat building from books and magazines. I did this for my first boat, which I had also designed by the same process. But that only takes you so far. Book learning is fine, as a starting point. Day to day practice, though, is an entirely different process.

Did I mention yet the camaraderie of working together with other students who have the same aspirations that you do?

Did I mention the immense knowledge of those instructors who feel their greatest gift is passing along their appreciation for the art and craft of wooden boat building?

Have I spoken with you about the incredible fulfillment when you finish building your first boat, either by yourself or in a group of like minded individuals pulling together for the common task of getting that beautiful creation in the water and sailing/rowing/powering away as you had dreamed it?

Are you guaranteed a job in the boat building industry once you graduate from a boatbuilding school? No, but if you apply yourself, fulfill yourself, work well with others, yes, I will guarantee that.



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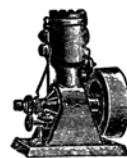
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Perhaps I should have called this the *Ellie-Xander* Chronicles. Somehow, once the boat was back on the trailer and prepped for winter storage, the writing muse winked out on me. However, like the black flies in the spring, I'm back. I had intended to keep on submitting Chronicles through the winter months. Do the odd book review, if nothing more interesting suggested itself. I had a book all picked out, just in case. I also had in mind "An Appreciation of Phillip Bolger Chronicle," which will still show up, sooner or later. I even had, in my head, a "Winter Layup" Chronicle. That was going to be Chronicle No 13. There were photos and everything. Just needed a few minutes to bang it into the word processor.

But then, all the get ready for winter chores sort of took over. What's that firewood on the ground in October? How come there's so much air getting past this door when the wind blows? Did I change the oil in the snowblower? Should I change the oil in the Suzuki before putting it away? Where the heck are we going to store this new BBQ, the one that's the size of a SmartCar?

Then I thought, "It's not a life or death thing. No one's going to cancel their subscription if I miss one issue." Even the publisher agreed. So I got on with the winter chores and missed one issue.

Then it was Thanksgiving and the annual visit to my sister and mother in Maine. So I missed another deadline.

Then winter kicked in, big time. Not so much snow, the cross country skis never left the corner of the garage where they're stowed. It was the wind. I thought I was pretty much inured to wind after 40 odd years in Nova Scotia. That was when I was living back in the woods. You get a whole different perspective on the wind out here at the shore.

This was the Winter of Wind, cold, damp, bone chilling, house shaking wind. On many nights it was like trying to sleep inside a giant, out of tune organ played by the demented Captain Nemo. One of my co-workers had reshingled his house last October. We had a breeze in February that peeled off about 75% of his shingles. Not just him, either.

We did get some snow, too. However, all the big Northeasters, the ones that really pile on the white stuff, arrived with howling gales of wind. In the aftermath of each of those storms, our driveway still had patches of bare dirt showing. My neighbor's driveway, downwind and in the lee of a row of trees, had 48" of snow in it after one of those storms.

One interesting phenomenon of these winter gales, as the storms arrived, with the NE wind, a cone of snow would start to grow on the landing in front of our main entry door. In one of the storms, it grew to a height of 52". But, as the wind began to haul around to the NW, the cone would begin to diminish, until, by the end of the snowfall, there was barely a 3/4" skim of snow on the landing. This happened several times.

It's Nova Scotia, you might be thinking, same latitude as Ellsworth, Maine. How cold could it be? The building where I'm employed has so much air infiltration that, in order to work at my desk job, I had to put down a heating pad, yeah, like your grandmother used to use, on top of a slab of extruded polystyrene insulation to keep my feet warm! Otherwise, it would have been like working outside barefoot. This persisted right to the end of March and occasionally into April. Cold, damp, miserable April. This

St Mary's Bay Chronicles #13

Previews of Coming Distractions

By Ernie Cassidy
upcloseconcerts@eastlink.ca



pretty much killed the muse, or rendered her comatose, for this humble scribe.

And then, as if someone cranked a knob and turned up the wattage of the sun, it was spring! Warm, sunny, dry. The Suzuki came out of storage May 3, a new record for any of my motorcycles. I began riding it to work on May 12. As I write, on May 20, the forsythias are in resplendent bloom, the lawn has been mowed twice and we've already done a feed of Cajun style blackened fish on the BBQ out on the deck. (Culinary cautionary note: this is not a meal you want to prepare inside the house, unless you like wearing an oxygen rebreather mask and find the sound of your smoke alarm soothing.)

Ellie-Xander is still under her winter cover (no, it's not going to be that story again.) But that's only until I get the last two, of 12, wood stacking racks built. After 40 odd years of heating with wood, I finally have two heating seasons of wood on the ground. This year's is already in the racks and the rest will be before the end of June. So practical considerations notwithstanding, the boating season has begun, along with the motorcycling season. Less prep time with the Suzuki, which is why it's already in use, but the point is, boating stuff is starting to happen, the muse lives and is flexing her limbs.

So, with any luck at all, the Chronicle #14 will describe the sea trials resulting from the "Converting the Great Canadian Canoe into a Rowing Boat" experiment. Devoted followers of these Chronicles will remember previous references to this much delayed project. Somehow, once *Ellie-Xander* was in the water, the impetus to go a'rowing faded. Not that I didn't get to do plenty of rowing in the sailboat, but that was a matter of necessity, not pleasure. (More about this further on.)

However, I had the Victoria Day holiday off (sorry, republic dwellers, it's an archaic British Empire holiday) and used the long weekend to complete four more of the aforementioned wood stacking racks, then went out and did a physical mockup of the rowing rig. I'm pretty sure I have a workable scheme, proof of concept to follow, or so one hopes.

This is not an original idea, of course. Roger Taylor wrote about this sort of conversion in his original *Good Boats*, first of what became a series of four neat books. Of course, being a big time publisher, he simply bought an off the shelf rowing rig and dropped it into a much used Grumman aluminum canoe and started barging around Camden Harbor. This is not my way, partly because of budget constraints, but also because I share Philip Bolger's propensity for seeing something that I like, or think would be useful or fun, and immediately starting speculating about how I could make a cruder, equally functional, but much less expensive version of it myself.

Another reason for doing this myself is thole pins. Apart from the fact that it's been years since I've seen an advert for an off the shelf drop in rowing rig for a canoe, if such a thing still exists as a purchasable product, I suspect the cost would be somewhere north of \$500, before the shipping charge, import duty and sales tax. And it would arrive with proper oarlocks, one would assume. I can pretty much guarantee that it wouldn't arrive with thole pins.

You see, it's not that I'm such a devoted fan of rowing. Not like Pete Culler, or the aforementioned Phillip Bolger. For his own amusement, Bolger liked to row. Sailboats and powerboats were mostly business.

Given that we live 500' from St Mary's Bay, it would be nice to have a boat handy to the house, that is, right down on the beach. However "the beach" is at the bottom of a 40' high slope, resting at the angle of repose of granular sand (because it is composed of granular sand) and consists of a wave scoured, horribly exposed, boulder strewn shoreline that spans about 175' feet from the high tide berm of seaweed to the low tide water's edge.

This is why *Ellie-Xander* spends the summer at the marina in Meteghan, much as I would love to keep her on a mooring right here where I could see her every day. Alas, the mooring would have to weigh as much as my Ford Ranger and the mooring line would have to be on nearly the same scale as used by the Cape Island lobster boats. (You learn, very quickly, how much windage a bare mast has when your auxiliary power is oars.)

Some of you may recall that the Boreal tandem kayak got sold off because it was impractical, and painful, to drag it out to the water at low tide. It was also vexing to be held hostage to the tide when we were both working full time (the other reason why *Ellie-Xander* spends the summer at the marina in Meteghan).

The Great Canadian canoe is a more manageable proposition in this respect, especially if we keep the bottom well waxed and harden our hearts to the inevitable scrapes and gouges. The canoe is now almost 30 years old and doesn't owe me much. On a cost per year basis it's been cheaper than using tissues instead of handkerchiefs.

I could build a rowing boat, of course. Not some high zoot Whitehall or wherry, with the wine glass stern and all like that. I have neither the budget, nor the patience, to do that kind of gold plater, just a simple, decently shaped, flat iron skiff. In fact, I have already done that. It was the Pamplemousse that gave me the taste for rowing with thole pins. (See SMB Chronicle No 2, if you save your back issues.) She was not the best-formed skiff ever built, a bit more profile rocker aft would have helped her rowing

and sailing noticeably, though she was one of the cheapest and most rapidly built skiffs produced since doing this was commonplace amongst rustic people who lived near to, and sometimes worked on, bodies of water.

I wouldn't have wanted to cover 20 miles in a day in that boat, but rowing down the backyard stream, to the lake where I could hoist sail and travel all day if I chose, then rowing her back upstream to the mooring behind the house was always a pleasure. The Pamplmouse had thole pins. There was something very soothing about the wood on wood, kerkklunk kerkklunk of a pair of oars working between two wooden pins jutting up from a wooden rail. Whatever irritations or disappointments lingering from the busy workday seem to melt away and be forgotten.

Ah, but the Pamplmouse, built out of $\frac{3}{4}$ red spruce and red oak, was not a carry around, drag over the moss covered boulders kind of boat, even when bone dry in the spring. And she would gain another 75lbs after a week or two of making up.

So that project may still happen. However, I already have a boat. Ready to go. Just waiting for me to figure out how to turn it into a rowing boat. The real trick, of course, is to turn it into a rowing boat without ruining it as a canoe. I also enjoy paddling and it is still the best way to work my way in amongst the rip rap that armors much of our coastline and where all the fun stuff to see lives.

Once I can no longer see the bottom, paddling a canoe becomes an exercise in

shoveling water. It's being able to squirm my way into the watery nooks and crannies that make a canoe so much fun, especially in salt water. So the first requirement is that the rowing rig be quickly and easily removable.

As I said earlier, I've got this figured out in my head and I did a trial mock up, in the canoe, with lumber, oars and all like that, and it looks very promising. Story and photos to follow soon.

Also coming in future Chronicles: designing, having fabricated, and mounting a motor bracket for *Ellie-Xander*. Yes, you read that correctly. The First Mate has decided that all that jukeing around at the mouth of the marina was becoming, at best, boring, or, at worst, scary. Unless I wanted to be a solo sailor, the ash breeze had to go. I blundered into a great deal on a used Evinrude two cylinder, two stroke, $2\frac{1}{2}$ hp outboard motor. Best thing about this one, the little motor feeds off a remote gas tank rather than the typical in the motor head tank. This should keep the spilled gas and stink to the minimum possible. However, after checking the cost of an off the shelf motor bracket, I've decided to roll my own, with help from the local metal fabricator.

Also on the project list is a proper topping lift cum lazy jacks. Who decided that sailboats don't need topping lifts? Some round the buoy racers, no doubt.

So, there's the next couple of installments. From then on it should be easy. Spring is back. We'll soon be on the water. Oh boy...

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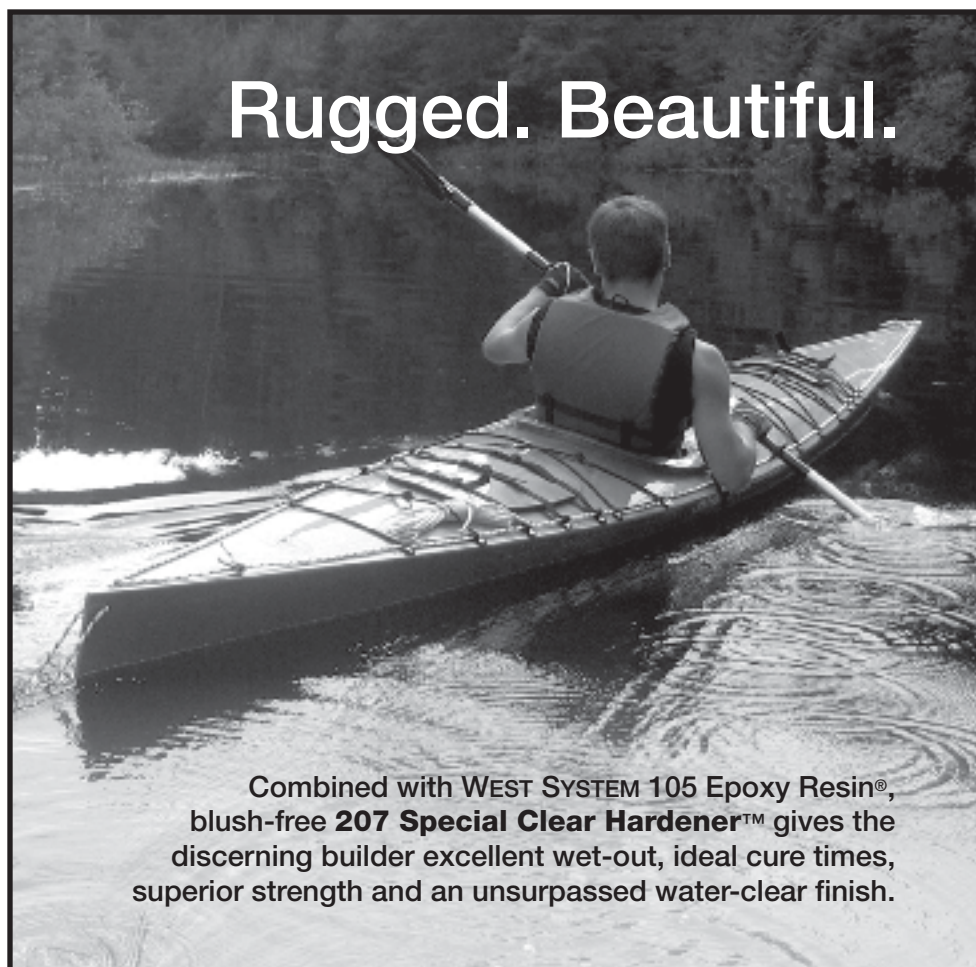
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Testing out the urethane foam mockup of the cockpit coaming.



Brother Steve and I attaching the toe rail.

Brother Steve doing a little bunging.



44 – Messing About in Boats, July 2014

Melonseed Project #5

I've spent the last couple of weeks fabricating the last complicated pieces of wood-working on my Melonseed boat building project, the toe rail and the cockpit coaming. The cockpit coaming has been a real challenge, with changing angles as the coaming flared out over the constant changing radius of the fore deck.

I made two mockups, one in corrugated cardboard and one in urethane foam before cutting the actual one out of mahogany. The $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick mahogany was not going to bend or flare out on the foredeck as I had hoped. I took the $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick mahogany and sliced in half thickness wise. I was then able to take these two thinner pieces of mahogany and epoxy them together with a slight flare or bend.

Lucky told me to lighten up and ease off all the technical stuff and just be thankful that my wife puts up with me.



Testing out the two thinner pieces of mahogany.

Lucky, the boat dog, wondering if this project will ever be done.



My able assistant and apprentice boat builder, Joe Wallace.



Got clamps!



Dry fitting the new silicon bronze traveler. The new boat will be named for my wife of 42 years, *Proud Mary*.

...from what seems like a long, long time ago in a galaxy far, far away.



Melonseed Project #6

It is now May 5 and nearing six months of construction of my 16' Melonseed (*Proud Mary II*) boat building project. Over this past weekend I finished fabricating and installing the cockpit coaming and trim. A few incidentals left, a boom crutch, attaching the hardware and painting the deck and the hull.

The mast, boom, gaff, rudder and centerboard were all fabricated in advance of the hull. The sails have been sewn (Ralph Dimattia Sail makers) and delivered. Hopefully, by the end of May I can take her out for a sea trial in anticipation of the launching and christening on June 15.



There's a lot going on at the shop right now so I took a walk around and got some pictures to show you. It's actually a lot busier than it looks in these because you don't see the guys going at it with the sounds of woodworking tools, power tools, never hand tools. Thickness planers make a hell of a lot of noise when the blades are dull.



This one's the usual view of the dock when it's just *Helen Marie* and *Chelsea* tied up and Cessna in the water chasing something. We do get visitors frequently and have to make room for them which we love to do cause they always bring beer. Scottie in his Panga is always a welcome sight, he brings beer and teak wood.



The collection of kayaks and other misc little boats changes constantly but never seems to decrease in number. I'm not really sure who actually uses these things since it sure ain't any of us. People show up at the crack of dawn on weekends and go out. I only know that cause I see the tracks in the sand.



Jim is right on the verge of finishing his cool as hell fishing boat. His new motor is going in this week. He's having fun playing with the sudden unexpected influx of teak we get from Scotty to do some fancy interior work. The way he's been increasing the scale and complexity of his projects there's no telling what his next one will be.

From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

A Look Around in May



The Tiki hut and its fancy swing with umbrella and big collection of custom paddles. Since summer's here we've been turning on its air conditioners to keep the hard-working crew cool. A fine mist of water and a big fan does wonders to an overheated, hard-working man.



Junks, we got a junk in process. Stan's getting right with it finally. This is going to be the biggest 16' boat you ever saw. He wants a small boat that he can stand up and take his pants off in. He gets in trouble when he brings a new girl out and asks her if she wants go out in the woods to see his junk.



Laylah boat is outside waiting her turn to get a little TLC. I broke a boom jaw at Cedar Key and need to get it fixed. It's amazing how well she's held up all these years with the abuse I give her. And you see from the pictures I send how much abuse she gets.



This is the Melonseed that Jose made here a long time ago. He's given it to his son Albert and I brought it in to do some much needed maintenance. New mast, trailer wheels, cockpit combing, mast step, you know, the usual stuff a boat needs but rarely gets til it's too late. One thing about being a true friend of the shop, which Jose is, we'll take care of you for most anything but we do draw the line at painting and varnishing.



Steve's *Crazy Cat* pushed back in his shop. It'll take a while for him to realize that it's just a boat and he doesn't have to treat it like his girlfriend. Although from the stories he tells, this boat takes better care of him than some of his girlfriends did. This did turn out to be one hell of a boat.



And here's my new toy, the best Core Sound 17 ever built. Another boat that Jose built here back in '06 that he let me adopt. He put many custom touches into this boat that the plans don't show so it would be simple for a single old guy like me to rig and handle, and that's just what I need. This one also needed major work to bring it back to life but it's been a pleasure doing it knowing that I'll have the best CS 17 around. A little bit of water sitting anywhere near wood for a long time can sure do a lot of damage. This is just the boat Helen and I need, with the dogs and kids and such the little *Laylah* boat was getting too tight. I may have to change the color scheme since these are the colors of the Spanish flag and I'm not Spanish, what are the colors for a boat bum? I still remember the day when four of us picked the two halves of the hull up and popped it into a boat shape, you need to see this done to believe it.



In the spirit of keeping thing simple and small here's the one we call the MEGA yacht. The damn thing is really starting to get us excited. The more Howard adds to it the better it looks. He just makes this shit up as he goes along and it always seems to come out looking good. He's getting down to the short strokes now and soon we'll be able to put this thing in the water and see if we can break it. The whole boat is glued together with PL Premium and nothing else, weighs way less than the boat it started out being and will be slamming into the waves pushed by a 300hp Chevy V8, what can go wrong?



Wally's back on the job with this Lightning hull. I don't care what you say, let the man do what he wants with this thing. I personally like the idea of a boat with sides and a top zipping around the river and, as I always say, it's really fun seeing what the hell these guys will think of next.



John's Everglades Challenge boat got moved to the back burner (or side shop) while I get the other boats fixed up but I'll be back on it soon.

A Look at Cedar Key

By Dave Lucas

Here are some photos from Cedar Key, Steve and Lenna took these. I have some somewhere but I was too busy sailing and ignoring my wife to get many.

It really doesn't matter what the weather is, we always have a good time. I think there were more boats and boat nuts here this year, boats on trailers and canoes and kayaks on the beaches were all over and not a single one of them was ugly.



Since its very first days at the turn of the last century, performance has ruled motorboating. Cost and dependability have been considerations, but since the days when 15mph was blinding speed, hulls and engines have been matched up to go as fast as they possibly could. Early engines were modest one or two cylinder affairs, but by the end of World War I, 350hp or 400hp was made by aircraft engines that displaced 1500 cubic inches. Now with fuel injection and computer control, that horsepower is easily made from little more than 300 cubic inches.

Top speed was always claimed by mahogany runabout manufacturers. Horsepower was claimed by motor makers. Some were always more accurate than others. Some actually performed up to their advertisements and others never did. Tall claims which sold boats weren't always reliable. Some motors held up for years, others had trouble early on. Some motor designs were archaic, others ahead of their times. History has left a lot of claims for the current owners of mahogany runabouts to sort out. If you are lucky enough to still have the original engine, do you go to great lengths and expense to restore it and keep it running, or do you opt for fuel injection and computer control that will seldom fail, and when it does, is relatively easy to fix?

Some people have suggested that everyone should have at least two boats, one with the vintage engine that will wow the people at the show, and the other with modern power that will always be there to take your guests on the boat ride they were promised.

Like so many things, it often comes down to money. A new, in the box, V8 marine engine with a new marine gear, ready to install, can be purchased for around \$10,000. Even the smaller vintage motors will cost that much or more for a comprehensive rebuild. Cost really begins to be a factor if you have one of the more powerful big displacement motors from the '20s or '30s. If you get away with this for \$25,000 you are extremely lucky, and sometimes people have close to \$100,000 in the exotics like the Scripps V-12 or the ChrisCraft A series V8s.

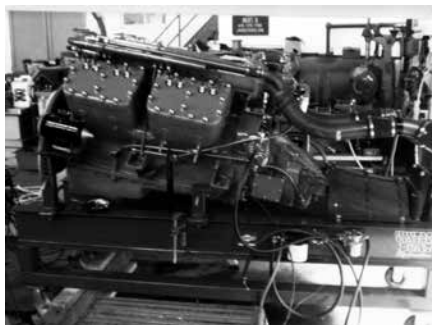
If you are not rich, modern power is often the only way to keep your boat up and running. If you are rich, I hope there is some sense of personal satisfaction gained from preserving old machinery, because the powers that be at the Antique and Classic Boat Society can't be counted on to stroke your ego that much. When the judging rules for boat shows were being drawn up, sometimes those who opted for modern power had a way of putting their finger on the scale to lobby for as low a deduction as possible.

I resigned as a judge in the late '80s at the Lake Winnepesaukee show when they instituted a mandatory three out of 20 possible points off for modern power. The unfairness of that soon became apparent and for many years the Society settled on a mandatory ten off. Most recently the emphasis on judging various aspects of the total boat has changed and motors were awarded 25 points with modern substitution still penalized by ten. At the same time it was recognized that not everyone came with a mahogany inboard and new guidelines for outboards and non powered boats were drawn up.

I like to downplay the judging of boats and remind customers that the show is just one day out of the summer, maybe several if they are on the "tour," but still encouraging them to make choices based on what makes

No Engine Left Behind

By Boyd Mefferd
Boyd's Boats, Canton, CT



The ChrisCraft 800 cubic inch 275hp A-120 on the dyno stand.

their boat most user friendly, not what will score the highest. Still, there is a lot of satisfaction to be gained by preserving history and my hat is off to those who have the patience and resources to restore or, more often, pay to have valuable vintage engines restored. Among mechanics there are some who know that they don't want to attempt to work on certain engines, others who are pretenders and just a few who are truly competent and have an answer for all the challenges. Parts don't exactly come from the NAPA store down the street and there is a small network of people who know what they are doing and may or may not be able to provide services and items.

Sometimes even these people make mistakes which are seldom discovered until the assembly of a motor is begun. You have to get to step two before you can tell that there was a problem with step one, step six before the mistake in step five is readily apparent. It can be a long and frustrating process.

The "big horsepower" engines from the '20s and '30s include some that were designed exclusively for marine use with relatively little consideration of weight, such as the Sterling Petrol, Scripps, Kermath and ChrisCraft's own inhouse A-70 and A-120. Others, like the 12 cylinder Liberty, Curtiss, and Hispano-Suiza, were designed as aircraft engines and sold surplus when we won World War I sooner than expected. History always seems to be relevant. Aircraft engines were obviously built lighter than those intended for marine use only, and overhaul on a 12 cylinder Liberty was scheduled at just 320 hours.

A failure in marine use will probably be easier to survive than an aviation engine failure, and the running time can probably be reasonably extended, but things weren't expected to last that long back then. A 1918 military overhaul on a Liberty cost about \$600. Now that may not cover plugs and wires.

Surplus aircraft engines were attractive to boat builders primarily because they were available at a good price and because of their design for minimum weight offered the promise of more speed. Gar Wood put multiple Liberties in most of his "Miss America" series of boats, each of which set world speed records. Boaters who are trying to keep a Liberty running find that they compete with vintage airplane hobbyists for those surplus and still unused parts that are out there.

In the late 1920s ChrisCraft management, led by Jay Smith, son of Chris Smith, the founder, decided that none of the available larger motors were adequate for their larger runabouts and 38' Commuter line and set out to design their own 90° V8 of about 800 cubic inches. They continued to offer these engines through the 1930s but, due to poor sales during the Great Depression, fewer than a thousand were ever built. Maybe a couple of dozen survive today, some running and some cores awaiting rebuild.

We have a customer who had us restore a 1937 27' Chris Triple Cockpit, the very top of the line, which originally came with their A-120 V8, advertised at 275hp. The engine he found for her was a duplicate of the original which had been lost somewhere in Europe. The boat had been delivered new to England, was found in the late '90s in the south of France and came back to us in a container. The motor shop he selected for the rebuild took six years, split between waiting in line and waiting to have new parts made.

"Waiting" is often the key word with these exotic restorations. By 2012 everything was finally together and I had the joy of running the big engine which develops 750 ft pounds of torque, planed off at 1,700rpm and going at least 35 mph. Then one of the rebuilt old parts failed and, while we were not back to square one, the engine was back out of the boat needing more work.

Now fast forward to the spring of 2014 and the engine is repaired and ready to go back in. One of my restoration colleagues who does all his own engine work decided a few years ago to purchase a water driven dynamometer so that he could test his engines before installing them and see not only any potential problems, but also if they put out their advertised horsepower.

His decision was as much self protection as anything. People often expect a vintage motor to start as easily and run as smoothly as their BMW, failing to realize that 60 or 70 year old technology has its quirks. After he built an engine he would put it on the dyno to subject it to the maximum stress it was designed to handle, and once that was accomplished, be at peace in his own mind that he had delivered the best product he could build. If the customer then did something stupid or failed to care for the engine, he had the print-out from the dyno and could prove that it had been strong when it left his shop.

What he did not expect, initially, was to find that the dyno showed up any shortcomings in his rebuild process and that getting a motor to perform up to its advertised specs was often a long process of trial and error.

He quickly learned to make only one change or adjustment to an engine at a time so that he could focus on that one change and see how it affected the performance. If he tried two at a time, one might be helpful and another a mistake which would cancel the gain. He would have no way to tell which was which. For some motors he kept a notebook with notes like "no change" or "slightly less power" which at least told him the things to eliminate.

The dyno was purchased strictly for inhouse testing and he is not seeking outside work, but he was generous enough to test our ChrisCraft A-120 and I found the process fascinating. All data feeds into a laptop computer which shows rpm, torque, horsepower, oil pressure, engine temperature. The dyno is

basically a pump which draws water from a reservoir of about a thousand gallons. Load is put on the engine by a valve which restricts the outflow from the pump, increasing the pressure. When the water begins to boil the dyno has exceeded its capacity.



The actual dyno absorber with the water lines that provides the load coming in and out.



The control center with the throttle on the left and the knob to increase load on the right.

Setting a motor up on the dyno is not a simple matter. Besides the sensors that have to be hooked up, the motor must be perfectly aligned with the pump coupler. Just as a poorly aligned motor in a boat will cost horsepower, if the alignment on the dyno is not perfect it will read lower than it should.

Once our ChrisCraft A-120 was on the dyno the running in process could begin. After giving it some break in time the first "pull" with a load was performed. It showed 160hp, far less than advertised. My friend had dynoed similar Chris V8s before and knew that they could produce much more than we were getting. After a series of pulls the new piston rings began to seat and the horsepower began to rise, eventually reaching 200hp, but would go no higher.

A less exacting person with no access to a dyno would say that the motor ran great, put it in the boat and everyone would probably live happily ever after. There was, however, still the issue of the missing 75 horses. I wouldn't know where to begin looking, but between my restorer friend and the man who had built the engine, they had worked on more of the big A series motors than anyone else and had some ideas. They noticed that after a full power pull the carburetor was still warm. If air was moving at maximum volume the carb should be cold, right on the verge of icing.

A few years ago we had a bad experience with carb icing so I was familiar with it. An early Chrysler six cylinder had been rebuilt by one of the "pretenders" at Lake Tahoe and sold to us in a late '20s Sea Lyon Triple Cockpit. At full throttle the carb iced

up to the point of shutting the motor down. At putt putt speed it ran fine, but the boat could not really be sold as problem free.

Normally one would try to introduce some sort of spacer with water passages drilled in it to fit between the carb and the manifold and heat the carb with cooling water fresh from the engine, but because of space considerations on the engine and in the boat, the downdraft carb already just cleared the engine hatch and there was no room for a spacer. We really didn't know what to do when a customer from Europe fell in love with the boat and told us how he planned to repower her for restricted canal use with a diesel engine driving a hydraulic pump which would drive a hydraulic motor.

He was an engineer and had it all figured out. His plan was to set the original vintage engine aside as a curiosity which, given its problems, seemed highly appropriate. One doesn't get off the hook that easily often and I breathed one of the biggest sighs of relief ever.

Back to our A-120 Chris V-8 which had been retrofitted with a modern carb concealed under the original (which had a history of leaking gas). Disassembly of the carb showed that the air needed to make a sharp right angle. A small die grinder removed the rough edges and smoothed out the angle, a process known as "porting." The horsepower increased but was still short. Removing the spark plugs indicated that the engine was running lean, so the diameter of the jets was increased. This brought more improvement but the plugs still indicated that the engine was not getting enough fuel. A second increase in the jets solved that problem but the horsepower was still somewhat lacking.

The engine has dual ignition and inspection of the wires showed that the insulation was in trouble, causing a loss of voltage. The engine had been wired with the correct style material, but perhaps it was new old stock that had already been on the shelf a long

time when installed. All 16 plug wires were replaced with modern high voltage wire covered with the correct looking cloth cover. The next pull on the engine showed 260hp, a gain of a full 100hp from the first test. The rings were seated but the engine was not fully broken in. It was speculated that in time it would probably reach the advertised 275hp.

My friend with the dyno has noticed that some of the old engine manufacturers always claimed more horsepower than their motors put out, while others were more or less spot on. Thus "it ain't necessarily so" is the rule for some rebuilds, while others, like the A-120, really do the 275hp and if they don't, it's just a matter of looking for the reason.

Over the years we've done business with some engine people who are simply overwhelming with their knowledge and often have the patience to explain fine points to someone like myself who has been around engines for a while but really doesn't know. These are people I always learn from and will be delighted to listen to as long as they are willing to talk.

We have a customer who is in the trucking business and says they used to dyno engines after a rebuild, but now the engine computer pretty much points out any problems and helps them with final adjustments. Modern engines have a whole different technology which needs to be learned in school and constantly updated. There is no school for the big vintage engines, just the school of hard knocks. People who aspire to be able to work on them need to spend time with the master mechanics who have learned how to assemble them and keep them running. I'd seen the dyno operate before, but had never participated in the trial and error process that finally got our engine up to its full potential. Our national debate about testing has pretty much concluded that it is helpful. Get yourself a \$25,000 dyno and you too can participate in "no engine left behind."

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Roughneck Takes Her First Swim

By Dan Rogers

Well, it looks like last winter's unplanned, unbudgeted and still uncompleted boat building effort has potential of some future success! Jim came over to help me get *Roughneck* wet for the first time May 15. There were a couple of unforeseen problems like the not so minor thing about how we were actually in the process of sinking. Seems there are a couple of old screw holes hidden under my quicky paint job. Probably about five gallons flooding, for the 45 minute maiden voyage. An easy fix.

A bigger issue is the fact that I underestimated the load waterline. When the boat is leaving the trailer, the lip of the motor well is right at the water line. I had to chop out a section of the deck over the motor to get it to clear the road when tilted up. Now I have this huge hole. That will take some dedicated head scratching. But there any number of possible solutions.



Hey! Like I already admitted, the hour they taught naval architecture, I musta been out in the hall trying to get a date. Also, in that realm of weights and measures, the bow is still expectably lower than the rump.



I did pile about 200lbs of tractor chains, gas, water and a pretty heavy anchor in the stern and that helps. More to go.



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I went to look at a Helsen Streaker 20 "project" boat the other day. The basic hull, deck and cockpit were in good structural shape but there were a number of small problems to be fixed. One of the problems was a hole in the transom with what looks like four rusted screw pieces still in the fiberglass. I think, from the size of the hole, it was the location of an antenna mount with the cables going forward inside the hull. Then there was the collection of mold spots all over the inside of the hull. One problem with this type of daysailer design is the lack of access toward the stern. There is an access port in the stern to allow access to the rudder assembly bolted to the transom and the outboard motor mount and that is it. One of my suggestions was to add an access port on both sides of the cockpit about half way down.

One section of the interior needed to be cut open to determine the extent of the damage that caused the fiberglass covering to splinter. The owner asked me about spraying in foam once the damage had been repaired. I suggested inserting a solid block of foam, as some of the spray foams create cyanide gas as part of the chemical reaction to set the foam. If you do use the spray foam, be sure to have a fan running. If you smell almonds, leave upwind quickly!

Once the boat is cleaned up and all the repairs made, the owner is going to need a newer sail. I suggested he look on the web at the various used sails outlets for a replacement. One concern with this approach is that one may not get what is needed if not careful determining what is being offered. In his case, he has a "stock" boat and there should not be a problem.

However, I do remember an event quite a while back where a storage locker at Shell Point was broken into and some of the sails vanished. A month or so later one of the sails showed up on another boat in the area. The sail had been purchased from one of the used sail outlets. I never did hear what finally happened, but I know both the original owner and the current holder of the sail were both after the used sail broker about selling a sail that had been listed as possibly stolen. If purchasing a used sail, obtain some documentation from the seller in case someone shows up saying "that is my sail!"

A number of years back my wife fell and broke a bone in her arm. The doctor at the emergency ward pulled out some material, soaked it in water and then wrapped it around the broken area as an emergency cast. The material became a fiberglass cast when it dried. I was amazed, since in most cases



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

fiberglass hardeners are attracted to moisture and fail to set if damp. This was the opposite. I went looking for the stuff, with no luck, as it was considered a medical "tool," sold to hospitals, and was quite expensive. Recently I found the stuff on the web for a reasonable price. According to the literature, "3M Scotchcast Plus casting tape consists of a knitted fiberglass fabric impregnated with polyurethane resin. Exposure to moisture or water initiates a chemical reaction which causes the tape to become rigid." I know the material works very well as an instant cast. I wondered how it would work as an emergency repair material for a fiberglass hull that had been holed or damaged. I ordered a small quantity for testing.

Thus far the results of the testing have been negative for fiberglass boat repair. I cut up some of the strip that was sent and tried patching a hole in an old piece of fiberglass. The material hardened up quite nicely but did not stick to the glass. I also tried joining two pieces of material with no luck. In that process, I tried cleaning one section with acetone and sanded another section. I followed the directions for getting the tape wet and then applying. Everything hardened nicely

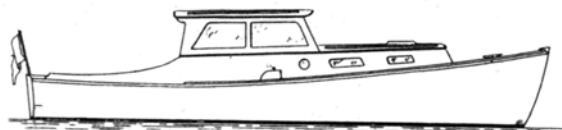
but did not stay stuck. The material sticks to itself quite nicely and will set underwater, but would not hold when set on other material. Perhaps it is an incompatibility problem with the composition of the materials? It would be nice to have along on a cruise, however, for an instant splint if a bone gets broken.

Ever been working on your boat and wished you had a vise handy? There is now one available that fits in your vehicle's standard 2" receiver (where the ball for the trailer hitch goes). A separate mounting bracket allows you to have a bench vise at home when needed, also. You can use the vise at home and take it with you. If you are interested in such a tool, take a look at the Wilton ATV (All Terrain Vise) at your local hardware store.

Among the items in storage in my garage is an assortment of metal and PVC pipe of various diameters and lengths. I use them for rollers when such is needed. I have found that 1.5" Schedule 40 PVC pipe is a good choice. At one point, I built a couple of 4'x12' pens for a local wildlife conservation group to house injured animals/birds. Once the framing was done, I needed to get the structures out to the front yard where they could be picked up when the group had time and a suitable trailer. To move the structures to the proper location, I put my various pipe lengths under the 2'x4's and rolled the structures out inserting rollers in front as the structure came off of them in the back. It took a bit of time, but was little effort. My PVC came from various projects around the house. If you go by a construction site and ask the contractor or those doing the plumbing, you can probably get their PVC pipe scraps at no cost.

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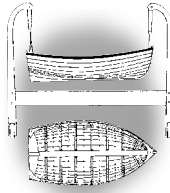
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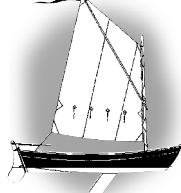
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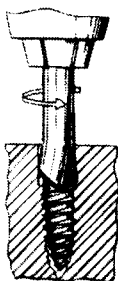
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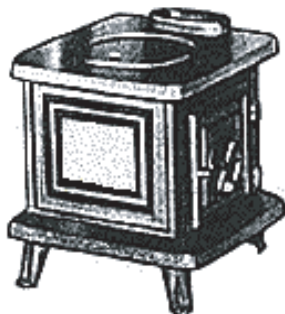
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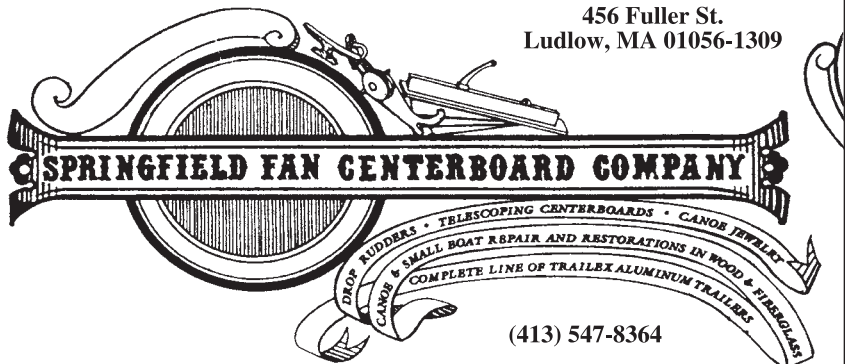
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20' St. Lawrence Skiff, fixed seat rowboat suitable for 1 or 2 rowers, can also be sailed as well. Cedar strip hull w/mahogany & oak trim. Built in '07 from traditional St. Lawrence skiff lines. This boat is a real head turner, \$7,500.

MICHAEL MCGARTY, Ipswich, MA, (617) 634-9248, mmcgarty-13@hotmail.com (8)



LFH 17, glued lap ply epoxy encapsulated built by Najjar. Spoon oars, fixed seats, sliding seat & cane seat w/backrest incl. \$6,500.

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8' El Toro Dingies (2), built by Jones Boats. Good Jotz sails, hardware, spars, marine ply. Custom wooden rack for trailering, trundle wheel for launching. \$350 for 1, \$600 for both. You pick up. CAROL JONES, Tuckahoe, NJ, (609) 628-2063, cjones08250@comcast.net (8)

Sea Pearl 21, '90, off-white hull, vy gd cond, leeboards, water ballast tanks, totally upgraded trlr, mint (15hrs fresh water) '08 Honda 2hp. Orig main & mizzen sails in gd shape w/sail covers, removable tan canvas cabin & tonneau covers, 10' oars, anchor kit, teak rail trim. A true Messer's boat: daysail, beach cruise, row, fish, motor tour single-handed or w/a group. Located MA. These great boats seldom come available in the Northeast. Ready for use & vy fairly priced at \$4,650. DENNIS MURRAY, (508) 655-5547, dfmurray46@gmail.com (8)

Daniel J Murphy, fixed seat double. This boat has placed first in just about every open water race in the northeast. Designed by Aborn, built by Hall. \$3,000.

ME, (207) 376-4540. Leave message. (8)

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Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to maib.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.

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C. KING, Watertown, MA, (617) 923-9630, cnk70897@gmail.com (8)

Monument River Wherry, 17' fixed seat rowing boat. Built in '97, in gd cond ready to row. This boat has won many races (incl the Blackburn), is safe & seaworthy & is a pleasure to row. \$1,500 firm.

JON ABORN, Buzzards Bay, MA, (508) 759-9786, joneaborn@aol.com (8)

13' '86 Zuma Sailboat, like a larger Sunfish, w/ trlr, straps & all, both in gd cond. \$750. See it near Keene, NH.

GERALD GRANT, Sullivan, NH, (603) 355-5092, ggrant@syrr.edu (8)

'08 Riff Lug-Rigged Daysailer, Paul Gartside design. Cedar strip, WEST Epoxy™ construction. W/ trlr. Asking \$1,800.

DANIEL FRY, Williamsport, PA, (570) 326-1339. (8)

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13' Maine Peapod, double-ender. Sails & rows. New Sails, teak brightwork, brass fittings. Must sacrifice due to move. Boat only used 3 times. Comes w/set of oars. \$2,500 obo. Located in Hartford, CT.

DIANE TUCKER, Hartford, CT, Sealyham@comcast.net (8)

19' Carolina Skiff, 2000 model, '06 Tohatsu 4-cycle 18hp electric start motor, 55lbs thrust trolling motor, fish finder, Bimini top, lights & pfd's, trlr. \$4,000.

JOSEPH O'NEIL, Dublin, PA (50 miles north of Philadelphia), (215) 2149-9690. (8)

18' Cape Cod Shipbuilding Launch, built '41, 4-cyl Atomic 4 engine 7 transmission. Needs trans work & paint. Motor has been removed and is on a stand (incl). \$1,800. **17' Boston Whaler**, mid-'60s w/40 Tohatsu motor & trlr. \$3,500 obo. JOHN WHEBLE, Kingston, MA, (781) 738-2716. (8)

Car Topper, marine plywood, West System™ epoxy, sheathed in glass, sailing rig in exc cond. \$600.

BOB SWEENEY, (609) 971-1342. (8)



Skaneateles Skiff, similar to St. Lawrence Skiff. 15', like new, marine plywood, glue lap construction, bronze screws, copper rivets, cherry trim and 2 sets of bronze oar locks. Great single or double rower. \$1,500. Will deliver in central NY.

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LFH 17, glued lap ply, epoxy encapsulated, built by Najjar. Spoon oars, fixed seats, sliding seat & caned seat w/backrest incl. \$6,500.

JOHN ERNST, Webster, NY, (585) 217-8778. (7)

14' Compac Picnic Cat, 2011, used 1 season, like new cond. Swim ladder, sail & tiller covers, Merc 2.5hp 4-stroke ob, Easy Tilt trlr. Pd. \$14,500, asking \$11,500.

A. DUNLOP, Phoenicia, NY, (845) 688-5387, (845) 594-2248, captad3@aol.com. (7)

'60 Pearson Triton, a great family boat that's been ours for 21 years. Original Atomic Four engine still works. Roller genoa, original wooden boom, simple and uncluttered setup for coastal cruising. Located in Camden, Maine. Asking \$5,500. Pictures and info at www.gambellandhunter.net/boat

GRANT GAMBELL, Camden, ME, (207) 236-3561, wgrantg@localnet.com (7)

12' San Francisco Bay Pelican, sound hull. good sails & spars. Roller furling jib, 3.5hp Nissan, trlr. \$900.

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Dinghy Dock at Mystic Seaport Museum

Sharon Brown Photo



C & C 29 MkII, '84 Coast Guard documented, wheel, diesel, roller furling, auto pilot, spinnaker & gear, chart plotter, feathering prop, dutchman mainsail system, life sling, newish main & 1 45 genoa, 2 agm batteries & much more. Beam 9.40, Draft 5.25 LOA 28.5. Lying western Long Island Sound. \$9,500
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BOATS WANTED



Canal Boat, Pike Co. PA Columns Museum would like to acquire, curate and display a canal boat as part of its Delaware & Hudson Canal collection. Does any *MAIB* reader have a lead on a canal boat?
ROBERT DALLEY, Rdalley@att.net (8)

GEAR FOR SALE

40hp Mercury, w/harness & controls. Ran when removed. Asking \$750.
JOHN WHEBLE, Kingston, MA, (781) 738-2716. (8)

Free: Boatbuilding Molds & Stem Patterns, for 2 boats: Herreshoff double ended pulling boat, 17'4" as depicted by John Gardner in *Building Classic Small Craft, Vol 2*. I built this boat "Skin on Frame" and it is light and quick. Herreshoff tender, "Carpenter", an 18' double ended tender to "Walrus", both depicted in *Sensible Cruising Designs* by LF Herreshoff. Molds are in the Portland, ME area and must be picked up. FMI, call TONY OWENS, Cape Elizabeth, ME, (207) 767-2345. (7)

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A detail that perhaps only a protective parent would notice. . .these boats look to be the same but in fact they are our 14' dory, our 15' guideboat and our 12' packboat. All quite distinct boats with quite different capacities and characteristics...but still a family.

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